

£1000 INSURANCE. See Page 168.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK
 INTERESTING TO LADIES.

FOR TARIFF, APPLY
J. STEINLE.



No. 29.—Vol. III.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIMENT: THE CAMERA IN THE STALLS.

Scene from "A Pal o' Archie's," at the Palace Theatre.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

A horrible railway accident, involving death to at least a dozen passengers and injuries to many others, occurred on Saturday, three miles from Pontypridd. The train for Cardiff was going round a curve near Llantrissant Junction when the first five carriages left the line, and rolled down the embankment. The couplings seem to have broken, depriving the engine-driver of any control over the carriages, which were smashed to pieces.

A distinguished actress, whose record is familiar to old play-goers, has just passed away in the person of Miss Carlotta Leclercq. She made



Photo by J. T. Cral, Harrington Road, South Kensington.

THE LATE MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.

a success as Ophelia, with Fechter as Hamlet, at the Lyceum many years ago; latterly, Miss Leclercq was busy inspiring young devotees with the same enthusiasm for the drama as she possessed.

Echoes of the House of Commons' brawl are still floating in the morning and evening airs. Mr. Logan has told his constituents that he never consented to apologise first in the House. He has made the same statement in a letter to Sir William Walrond, one of the Opposition Whips. Sir William has had a correspondence with Mr. Marjoribanks, the chief Government Whip, and they have failed to agree as to the stipulated order of precedence in the famous apologies of Mr. Logan and Mr. Hayes-Fisher.

Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes of the National Workmen's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, and delivered an address on the necessity of combining the useful with the beautiful in our industrial arts. This stimulus to the pursuit of utility and beauty seems to have prompted somebody to borrow Mr. Gladstone's overcoat, which was hanging on the arm of Mr. Marjoribanks, but after a rapturous contemplation of the illustrious garment the borrower returned it, thus demonstrating the trinity of utility, beauty, and morals.

Mr. Balfour and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar have tasted the fearsome joy of descending the "chute" at Captain Boyton's Water Show. It is not stated whether the Leader of her Majesty's Opposition wore on this occasion the white hat of Ally Sloper dimensions with which he regales the admiring multitudes in the streets of London.

The Duke and Duchess of York have intimated that they would like the subscriptions raised by the Mansion House Committee for a wedding

present devoted to the purchase of tapestry for their habitation in St. James's Palace. A jury of experts has been appointed to choose designs.

Some commotion has been excited in naval circles by the alleged disappearance of H.M.S. Apollo. The cruiser is said to have vanished during the naval manœuvres, and several ships have been despatched in search of her.

The inhabitants of Leicester have had the tropical luxury of an earthquake. Great efforts are being made by correspondents of the *Times* to show that the distinction has been shared by other parts of the kingdom. Crockery has rattled in several places, happily without many breakages.

The volunteers have distinguished themselves at Aldershot. They took part with the regulars in a sham fight, and displayed reckless bravery under a heavy fire.

A number of atrocious murders in and near London has revived the annual scare about Jack the Ripper. There is not the smallest reason to suppose, however, that the insoluble monster of our time has resumed operations, and the story is probably due to a malicious desire to spite the police.

Alice Villiers, otherwise Daisy Hughes, music-hall singer, threw herself out of a window at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, and was killed outright. The incident may be commended to persons who are incredulous of the suicide of Mrs. Tanqueray in Mr. Pinero's play.

Mr. Samuel Fox has appeared before a magistrate charged with the offence of wearing his hat in St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Fox has explained this strange behaviour to an interviewer. He says he insists on wearing his hat in churches as a protest against "lies." One of these "lies" is the existence of places of worship. Mr. Fox is much in earnest, and yearns for the crown of martyrdom, which appears to be a hat worn at inopportune moments. He ought to sit in the House of Commons, where the mummery of hats is part of the serious business.

Lady Tryon has refused the pension of £600 a year to which she is entitled as an admiral's widow. Her first desire was to give the money to the Victoria Relief Fund; but that is already swollen far beyond the necessities of the case. The refusal of a pension is a notable event, which will be duly marked, no doubt, by some public servants.

We have an Indian visitor in the person of the Nawab of Rampur, an unobtrusive youth of nineteen—so unobtrusive, indeed, that he has left all his State jewels behind him, and appears in London without an array of dazzling gems. This is a novel self-denial in an Oriental, but we are afraid the Nawab will find it distinctly detrimental to his social success. Indian potentates are expected to add lustre to fashionable receptions by bedizening their persons with brilliants as big as eggs.

Canon Cazenove met a melancholy end at tennis. He was in the act of striking a ball when the action of the heart failed, and he died instantly.

The American yacht, the Navahoe, has made a very poor show in British waters. She has been repeatedly beaten, to the great satisfaction of the British yachtsmen. Apparently there still lingers a resentment in bosoms clad in blue serge against the country which years ago sent over the America and defeated everything we had afloat. However, the Americans say the Navahoe is not fairly representative of their prowess in sailing.

An attack was made last Sunday on M. Lockroy, the son-in-law of Victor Hugo, by an eccentric rhymester, who fired at the ex-Minister of Public Instruction as he was going upstairs. A bullet struck the sixth rib of M. Lockroy, but does not appear to have done much damage.

The Hereford election was fixed to take place yesterday.

The Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, whose death occurred last Thursday at Orton Longueville, Hunts, was a contributor to *The Sketch* Wedding Number. Her ladyship's poem displayed a pleasant gift for versification added to intensely loyal feeling.

The British Cycle Manufacturing Company, which has its manufacturing in Liverpool, as well as show-rooms in that city and in London (42, High Street, Camden Town, N.W.), send us the catalogue of bicycles and tricycles of their make. They appear to turn out their machines at most reasonable prices, and the list of unsolicited testimonials they publish may fairly be taken as a guarantee of excellence of workmanship. This company also deals largely in second-hand machines, not necessarily confined to their own make. This is a great advantage to those riders who do not care to pay the price of a new machine, but at the same time want to be assured as to the condition and value of their purchase.

"CISSY" IN CHANCERY!

From the Halls of Dazzling Light, yecept the Oxford and the Tivoli, and the Shrine of the Sacred Lamp in the Strand, to the gloomy dignity of the Palace of Justice hard by, is a far cry in any sense but a cabman's, and it must have seemed strange for the little school-girl, scarcely emancipated from the convent, and now the idol of the Gaiety Johnnies, to be compelled to figure, even by proxy, before Mr. Justice Chitty, greatest of living luminaries on the law of agreements.

"Chitty on Contracts," meting out genial justice to little Cissy Loftus was a sight for gods and men. Unlike some of those grave and reverend seigneurs whose infantile innocence of the existence of popular favourites is suggestive of feeding-bottles as a fitting part of the judicial equipment, Mr. Justice Chitty took the case of the Gaiety Theatre Company, Limited v. Loftus on Thursday, in a delightfully genial fashion



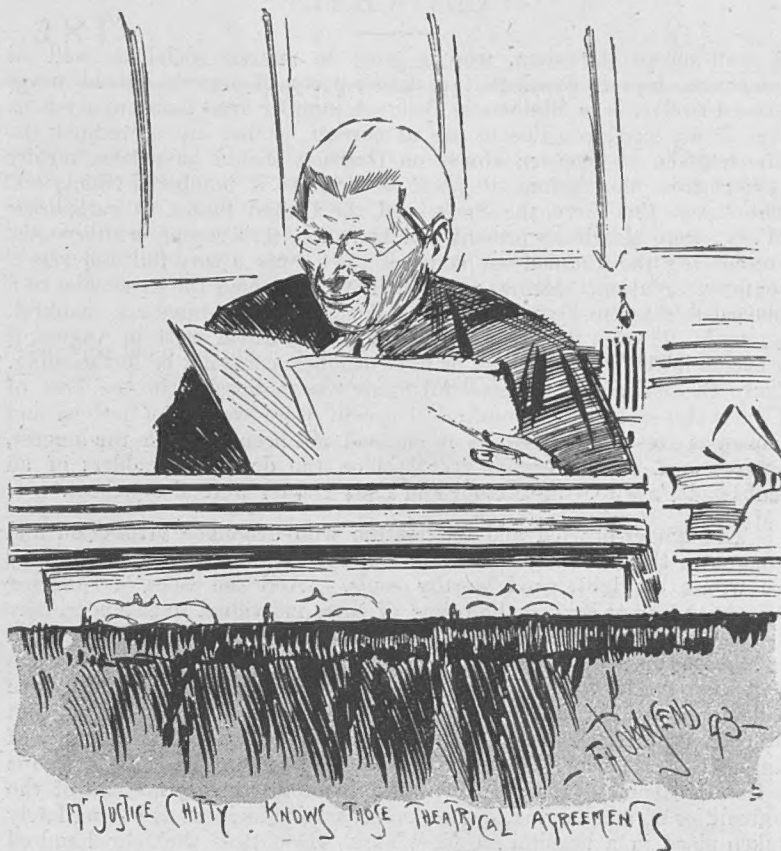
from the moment when the learned Mr. Farwell, Q.C., hitched his gown straight on his broad shoulders and blandly opened the case for the prosecution.

In two words, it was a fight between the Gaiety and the Tivoli and Oxford; Mr. George Edwardes, the courteous and suave, contending that his theatre had a claim to the "exclusive" services of Miss Cissy for three years; while a strong contingent of Oxford and Tivoli men—Mr. Brighton, most popular and polite of managers, burly Mr. Newson Smith, and dapper Vernon Dowsett of the Tivoli, with their chairman of directors, Hugh Astley, brother of sporting Sir John, and Mr. F. G. Gorton, rubicund and jovial—anticipated victory, and its spoils, in the person of the clever little mimic, who has made the success of the season.

Pretty little maid! There was a touch of pathos in it all, charming and successful as she is, as Mr. Justice Chitty asked, "Has a guardian been appointed for the child?" who, by the way, was spared the unpleasant experience of a Court of Justice, and sat at home "waiting for the verdict," under the innocent impression that her well-beloved mother, clever Miss Marie Loftus, might possibly be ordered by an irate judge to "the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat"—and then, what would it profit her though all the *jeunesse dorée* of the Halls and the Shrine should be at her feet?

But "Chitty on Contracts" soon dispelled the clouds. Eagle-eyed and aquiline of aspect, in a cheery and benevolent way, he asked to see the original agreement made by Mr. Didcott with Miss Marie Loftus on behalf of Cissy the Successful.

"I have a great liking for these original agreements. I get a lot of information out of them," said Justice Chitty, with a shrewd smile, and the Bar laughed. "These agency people are rather loose," was another of his lordship's *obiter dicta*, also received with as appreciative a chuckle



as though it had conveyed a touch of ethical rather than merely professional satire. But presently it appeared that he thought the particular agreement before the Court ungrammatical but clear.

"Exclusive" was the keynote of the case. Was it intended that the Gaiety Company should have the "exclusive" right to Cissy Loftus for three years, or was it that during the term of her engagement she should give exclusively her "mimetic entertainment"? All hung upon one word and its position in the agreement, and Mr. Justice Chitty declined to do violence by transposing that word; and held, very properly, that, considering the age of the young artist, it was perfectly conceivable that her mother should wish to define exactly the nature of the entertainment which she was to give. "Chitty on Contracts" was not disposed to twist plain English, and the result was that Miss Cissy Loftus was left at liberty to charm into gaiety just as many audiences as she thinks fit, and although the judge was not able to say from personal experience whether "the young lady may or may not be what they term a phenomenon," he was evidently of opinion that it would not be right that, even for £15 a week, she should "reserve for a party what was meant for mankind."

So, with a parting glance at the formidable array of wigs and gowns, and the mixed audience, comprising all sorts and conditions of men from



the callous curate to the hardened man of the world, we liberated Cissy from Chancery with flying colours, after a trial so short and sharp as to prove that "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" is absolutely a thing of the past, or "Cissy in Chancery" could not have been satisfactorily settled and done with in something under sixty minutes by the clock. Mr. George Edwardes has sympathetically declared since that his action in the matter was prompted solely by consideration for the health of the young artist; he will therefore be pleased to know that Miss Cissy takes her "turn" very lightheartedly, and is not likely to find her popularity too heavy a burden for her youthful shoulders to bear. The only disappointment to the journalist and the artist, who had hoped for not a little inspiration from this case, was the non-appearance of Miss Cissy in Court. Otherwise, nothing could have been pleasanter.

A. G.

CHIT-CHAT.

A well-known statesman, who is great on matters social as well as otherwise, lays it down that a dinner-party of friends should never exceed twelve, or a diplomatic banquet number less than twenty-four. And if my lord's conclusions are as correct as they are accredited, the dinner given at Spencer House on Thursday should have been ideally perfect from the diplomatic point of view, as it numbered twenty-six. The Army, the Navy, the State, and the United States, to paraphrase W. G., were plentifully present, and Lady Spencer's reception afterwards, considering the thinned-out state of town, was a very full and representative occasion. Members and their wives, whom the exigencies of a playful Parliament keep in town, assembled in goodly numbers, thankful, no doubt, for even the tranquil charms of a political crush in August, if a battue in the way of grouse or irate members could not be forthcoming. Lady Breadalbane's tall graceful figure was noticeable in the host of Upper House ladies. Countess Tornelli wore wonderful jewels, and looked as fresh and bright as if she had not been through the longest, busiest, and hottest season ever laid on the devoted shoulders of an ambassador's wife. Sir Arthur and Lady Hayter were also present.

The tender-hearted and unscientific who denounce vivisection and weep over the sorrows of a chloroformed frog or a cocained rabbit, may be wrong or right, good worthy souls. And the woes of suffering humanity, as put against the pangs of some individual quadrupeds, may be still to them a quantity not to be considered. The most rabid humanitarians will, however, concede that vivisection at least aims high. But what can be thought of the artistic aspiration which could induce a doctor to order a rapid run upstairs to one of his hospital patients that an enthusiastic actress standing by might study the resulting pangs of angina pectoris when the top was reached? Mr. Cyrus Edson, who is a Health Commissioner of New York, in an interesting account of the unrealities of stage dying, quotes this charming incident as having lately taken place in a hospital in New York. Doubtless the four hundred dollars paid by the leading lady to the sufferer for her lesson in realism, would, in her opinion and the doctor's, readjust the æsthetic balance to a nicety and so compensate the patient for what was a distinct leg up—let us hope to heaven or thereabouts. Meanwhile, putting aside the poetry, I should like to arrive at the practical prose of this subject. I have heard of the growing custom among young artists of visiting hospitals where they may study at leisure the pangs of the sufferers so as to perfect themselves in the hitherto impossible art of dying naturally, and can only say I hope the fashion will not intrude here.

If David Donaldson's name doth not belie him he is Scotch, and being Scotch is thrifty, and being thrifty hath no romance in him. A timber merchant with a broken engagement is a distinctly poetic figure. But a timber merchant who wants his ring back, and goes the length of removing it forcibly from a once adored finger, is disappointingly prosaic, still more so when his Laura in her righteous wrath at such "meanness" has him up for thieving. The heavenly twins, in the form of judge and justice, however, decree that British opinion rules the return of such tokens when the tender emotions which prompted their bestowal have cooled off. Ergo, Master Donaldson departs in peace with his ring all safe, and Miss Mead, of Battersea, is no more bediamonded. Now in some parts they manage things differently. A girl of my acquaintance "out West" got engaged. Got a ring. Broke engagement. Kept ring. It was suggested that the jewel had now lost its meaning, and that, in short—"Meaning," exclaimed its fair owner. "I guess it's got plenty of that for me. That ring is going to mean all my next season's frocks. Think I'm going to return the profit of three months' engagement, and have all that trouble for nothing? Not I."

The author of "Anne Boleyn" makes out a case and a caution at the same time to those about to marry. Without going as far as Mr. Punch's classical croak, the author of this newly arranged old theme says,—

Marriage to women is at best a bondage,
And if you needs must enter the estate
See that at least your fetters are of gold.

Very trite and happy this. But what about the man's part of the bondage? Does he give up his club (more or less)? May he smoke in the drawing-room or in bed, as was his wont? Does domesticity involve a second-rate tailor or Spanish cigars? Are his bachelor friends given the cold shoulder at all times, and he the same sometimes for lunch? Does not his bargain involve the loss of old friends, the comfort of old slippers, and shackle him with the doctor, afternoon calls, early home-comings, house rent, and respectability? Why, the woman has far and away the best of the bondage, at least from my point of view, as an unalterable bachelor.

Russia will shortly boast of the first female veterinary surgeon in Europe. A young lady of genteel birth, who had graduated in Zürich, having obtained a Government certificate to practice as a vet. upon having proved her qualifications, the Zemstvo, or parish council at Cherson, where her father, a wealthy landowner, resides, has offered her the post of parish vet.

The number of female students at the Swiss universities increases year by year. Thus, for last curriculum 238 were entered, namely, 79 in Berne, 86 in Geneva, 67 in Zürich, 5 in Lausanne, and 1 in Bale. Of this number 5 studied law, 161 medicine, 50 humanitarian subjects, and 22 natural sciences and mathematics. In addition there are three female students at the Polytechnic Institute, Zürich.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The celebrated author and dramatist, Mario Uchard, died last week of laryngitis, at the age of sixty-nine. His was a somewhat uncommon history. He was apprenticed, first of all, as an engraver, to the Maison Firmin Didot; not liking that occupation, he went in for a long course of music at the Conservatoire. He afterwards published several pieces of music, and then next turned his attention to stockbroking, and was on the Bourse for twelve years. Then, in conjunction with the Comte d'Osmond, he founded the popular "Cercle des Merlions." Shortly afterwards, he married Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, only to separate from her very soon, their marriage proving a most unhappy one. Last of all, he devoted himself to dramatic authorship, and published in succession "Fiammia," supposed to be his autography, "Le Retour du Mari," "La Seconde Jeunesse," and "La Charmeuse." His most popular novel was "Mon Oncle Barbassou." His one great idiosyncrasy was love of lawsuits, and a rather noted one of his was when he accused Victorien Sardou of having stolen or borrowed the subject of "Odette" from one of his works.

The Duc d'Aumale is on a visit to Germany, the object of which, it is stated, is to visit the battlefields described in the history of the Prince de Condé.

An enterprising aéronaut, M. Serge de Savine, a Russian, has planned and constructed a balloon in which he hopes to travel from France to Russia, the middle of this month. The balloon, which is now on view at the Champs de Mars, with its appendages, is much higher than the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, so some idea of its enormous magnitude may be gathered. There is a smaller fire-balloon attached, by which it is proposed to raise or lower the bigger one at will. M. Serge de Savine, who, by-the-way, is cousin to the caricaturist Caran d'Ache, is most confident of success, and this trip finishing well, he hopes to thoroughly explore the Poles. Whether this ambitious plan will ever be fulfilled remains to be seen. We all wish it good luck and "bon voyage," however.

Miss Mary Hamilton, a lady noted for her good looks in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, has just started from Paris on horseback *en route* for St. Petersburg, a journey of nearly 3000 kilomètres. She is accompanied by a groom, her coachman following by train with the luggage. This enterprising equestrian feat was once performed by a lieutenant of dragoons, who came from Poltova to Paris in thirty days.

Once more have we been subjected to this fickle weather's vagaries. From almost North "Poley" cold, we all of a sudden found ourselves in a heat only fit for crocodiles. Even the willing slaves of the Bourse collapsed, and instead of the usual hubbub on the steps of that institution, nothing was heard or seen. Opposite, though, the cafés were thronged, and *sirops* and other mild drinks were being consumed by the fathom. It is curious that the typical middle-class Frenchman never drinks anything much stronger than coffee, barring an occasional *absinthe*, or a wineglass of the most innocent *vin ordinaire* drowned in a big tumbler of water. I suppose it is for the same reason that one but very *very* rarely sees in France that most horrible of all spectacles, a drunken man. Would that our countrymen might take *this* leaf out of his volatile neighbour's book.

Madame Marguerite de Klarynkal is the subject of much speculation and notoriety at the present moment in Paris. She made her début at the Cirque d'Été a few weeks ago, attired as a hussar, and riding hussar-fashion a magnificent thoroughbred horse, marvellously trained. It appears that she is the divorced wife of a cavalry officer, and was well-known in society at one time. Her husband was a great Spiritualist, and took great delight in asking his brother officers to assist at séances at his house and *éteignait lui-même les lampes du salon pour mieux laisser parler les voisins d'outre-tombe*. The outcome of this amusement being that the wife was found missing one day, not being able, as she asserted, to stand her husband's idiocy any longer. She has proved a great attraction at the circus, and is a very plucky rider, but very plain and unattractive as far as beauty goes.

At the same place of entertainment, Mlle. Hélène Gerard is performing nightly a serpentine dance on horseback with full lime light accompaniment. It is most novel and pretty.

Everybody seems to be having a very good time at Trouville this year, and the hotel-keepers are obliged to turn people away every day, accommodation being at a premium. The Princesse de Chimay is the best dressed woman to be seen on the *planches*, while the Duchess of Morny is quite one of the prettiest. Among feminine celebrities are Grille d'Egout and Rayon d'Or, whose appearances in daylight are anything but prepossessing. Emilienne d'Alençon astonishes everybody by careering about in a striped zouave jacket and knickerbockers of scarlet, with high white boots, on a nickel-plated bicyclette. Her blue make-up makes everybody shudder; it is put on in inches. There are three pretty English skirt dancers at the Eden, which is crowded every evening. Much disappointment was felt that La Loie had sailed to America, paying her fine of £120 in preference to fulfilling her engagement at the Casino. I am told she made £2000 in twelve days in England.

MIMOSA.



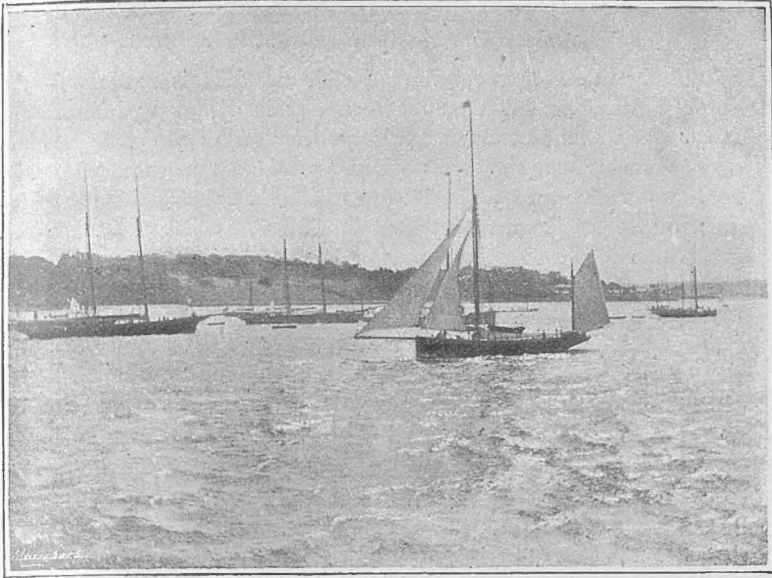


THE KAISER AT COWES: GREAT BRITAIN'S GUEST AND ALLY.

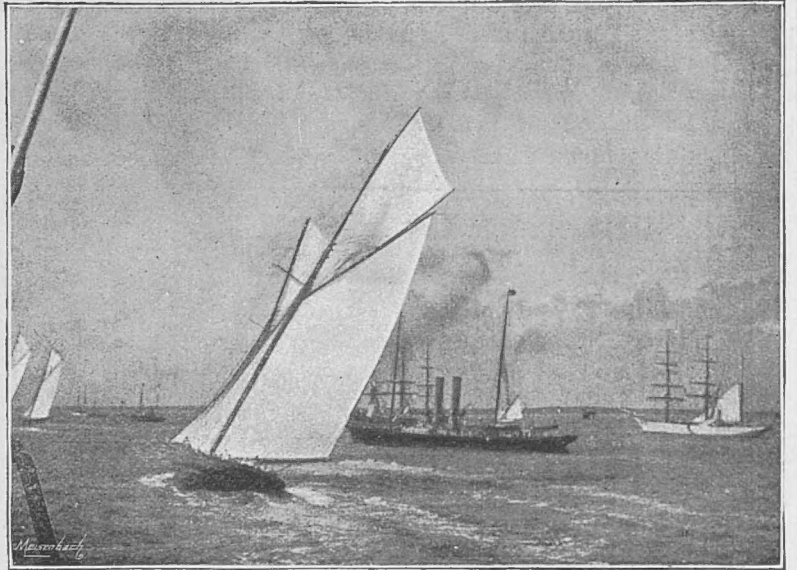
SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MR. J. RUSSELL, OF BAKER STREET, ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN," AUG. 6, 1893.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS AT COWES.

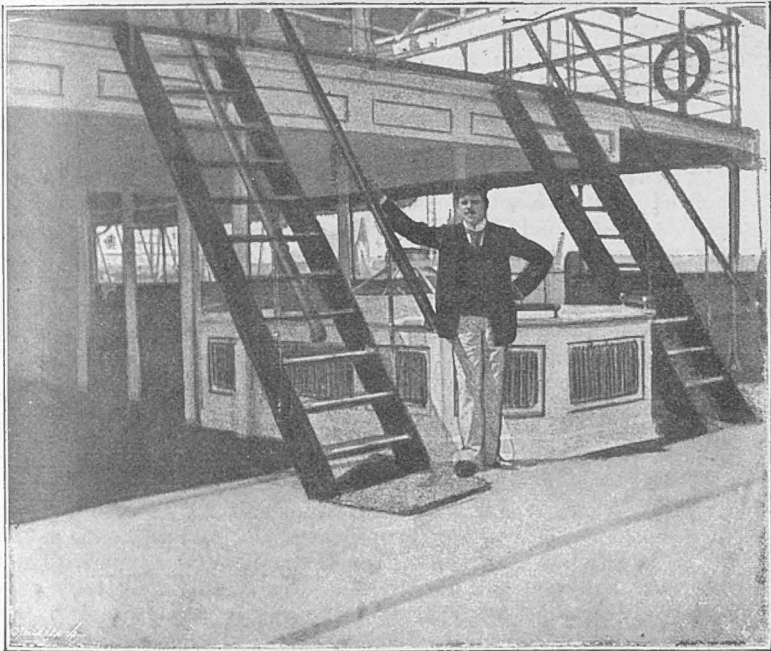
From Photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.



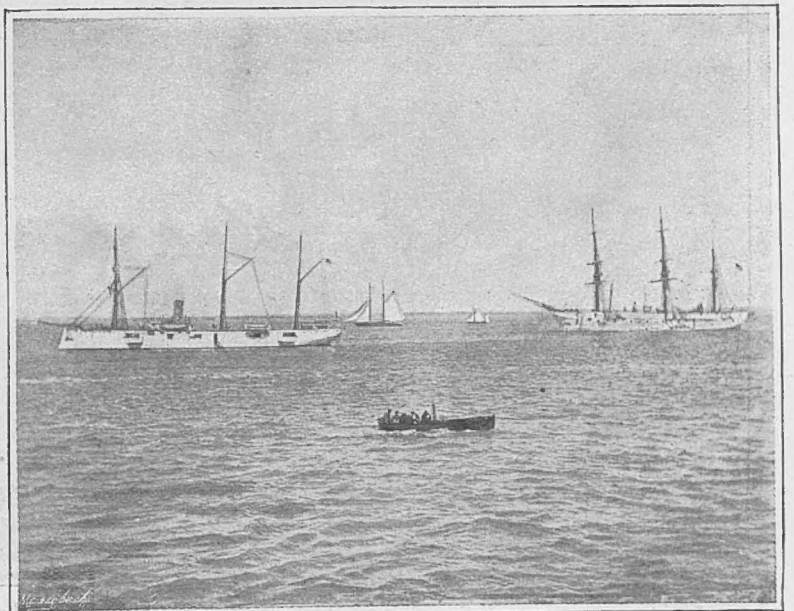
COWES, FROM THE "HOHENZOLLERN."



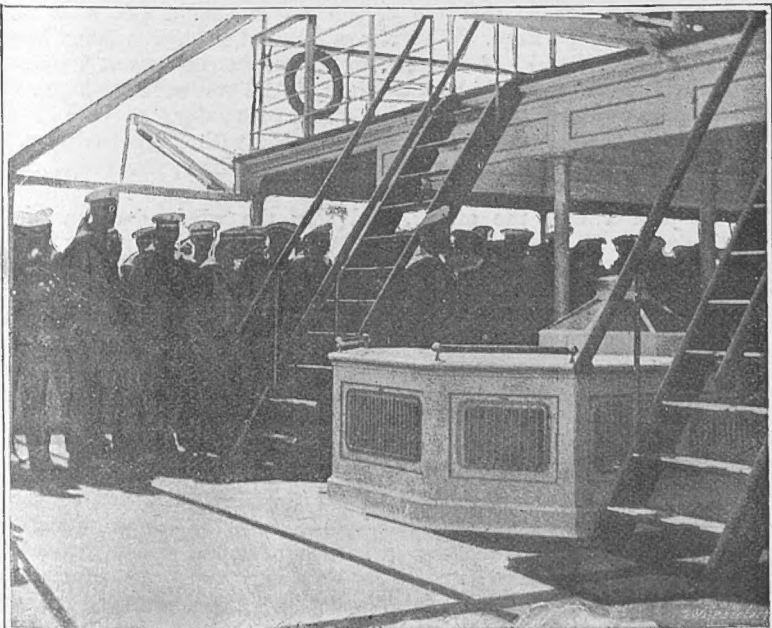
A YACHT RACE IN PROGRESS.



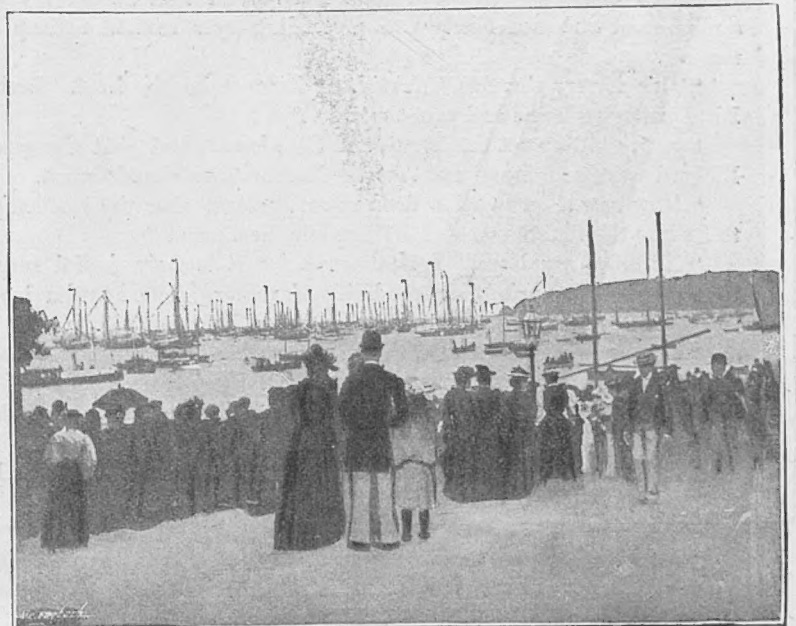
THE BRIDGE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT.



TWO OF THE GERMAN IRONCLADS.



BLUEJACKETS WAITING TO BE PAID.



PLENTY FOR THE SPECTATORS TO SEE.

INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS STATUES.

II.—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

I have always thought it inhuman to put a statue into a posture of extreme discomfort. The stony statesman or warrior has to go through ages with his arm extended or in the act of striking a blow that never falls, and, apparently, there is no relief from the perpetual and futile demonstration. This was forcibly impressed upon me one evening as I stood near the entrance to the House of Lords gazing at the imposing figure of Richard the Lion-Hearted, who bestrides a noble steed and

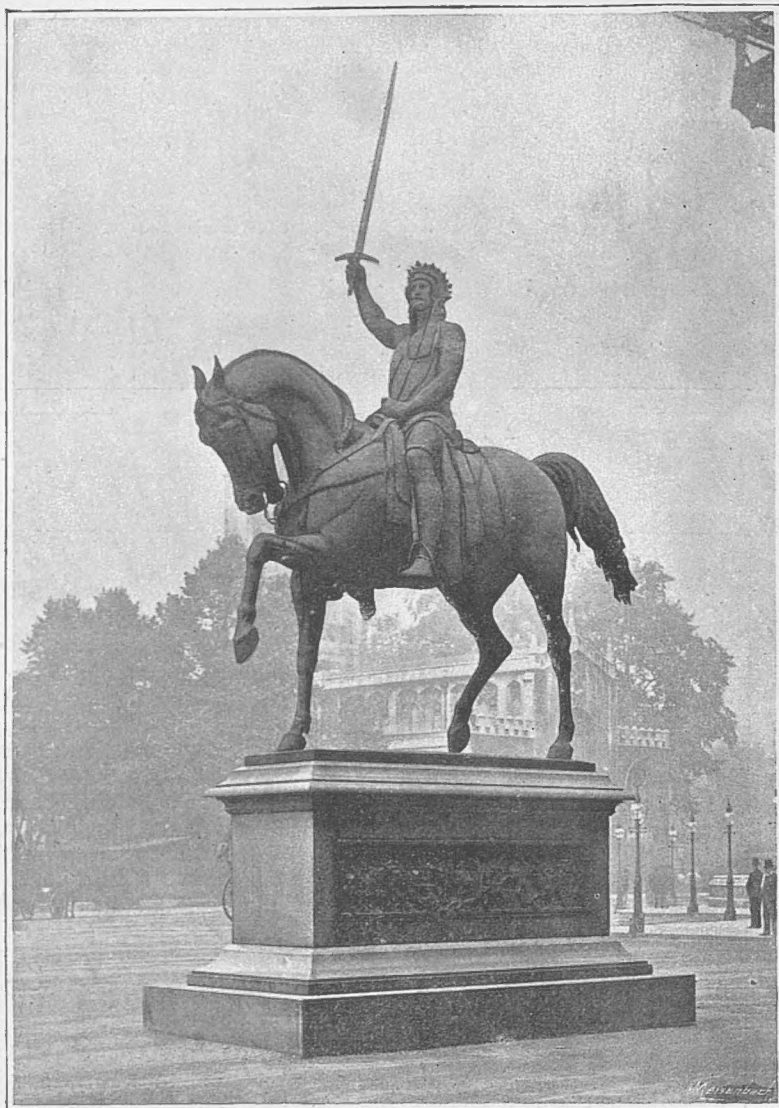


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE STATUE OF RICHARD I., CŒUR DE LION, AT WESTMINSTER.

lifts a gigantic sword to lop off the head of the false Paynim. As I looked I distinctly saw the weapon fall several times, and every time a number of turbaned heads with protruding eyes seemed to leap into the air.

"This is very singular," I said. "It must be the heat. Perhaps I had better go home and take a powder."

Swish, swish, went the sword, and then I perceived that the gaze of Richard was fixed on me and that the leonine Sovereign frowned.

"How now!" growled a deep voice. "Dost wish thy wooden pate to fly like the foul Saracen's? What ails thee, man?"

"Nothing, my liege," I stammered. "It is only joyful surprise to see you still performing prodigies of valour. The Paynim host is scattered by your mighty arm, and Jerusalem lies open before you."

"By the bones of Becket, thou mockest me," roared the monarch. "They swore, liars and knaves, that I ran away from Jerusalem, and Burgundy wrote a vile lampoon. By St. Bollinger, an he were here, I would split his scence into a thousand pieces!"

"I do not doubt it, my liege," I said. "But you are mistaken. I am not acquainted with the libels of the Middle Ages. It is as much as mortal man can do to keep pace with those of his own time. The only libel I know upon your gracious magnificence disputes not your courage, but your morals as a troubadour. It is said that you stole all your songs from Blondel."

"Now, by the hair of St. Pommery, this is too much," shouted Richard. "Blondel! He sang like a crow. It was when I bade him go and croak in the next street that he recognised me, and fell on his

knees under the window of the castle where I was held in durance vile. It was there I composed my most famous ballad. Listen, varlet."

Then in a sort of uproarious baritone he broke into this stave—

"Of mediaeval heroes whom the world has ever wot,
I'm the bouncer of the lot,
You can read it all in Scott!
And troubadours will ever sing
The marvels of the Christian king
Who smashed the heathen Turks in Palestine, O!"

"Truly an excellent refrain," I said, "and it is remarkable that it should have come down to our own day in a slightly different shape. If you could be transformed, my liege, from statuesque stone into human clay once more, our singers of ballads would give you welcome, and you might take your turn at the Tivoli as Richard Cœur de Lion Comique."

"By St. Margaux, thou talkest in riddles," cried Richard, whisking off another Moslem head; "but, singing or fighting, I was ever a lover of both. Thou canst not say the same of thy barons," he added, pointing towards the entrance to the House of Lords. "I see them enter there, puny creatures! Not one of them could carry a shirt of mail. What do they in the council chamber? Do they demand war?"

"An it please you, my liege, they while away an hour before dinner."

"Ha! I could eat and drink, too. A pasty as big as yon tower—a stoup of wine which would drown these stunted lords. But it was the fight that made me hungry; it was hewing and hacking that made me long for wassail."

"Doubtless, my liege, but nowadays we do not hew and hack. The professional military man carries a sword as an ornament only. The chances are that he has not the least idea how to use it."

"Not even to strike a blow at the foul Paynim?"

"In these degenerate times, my liege, we do not strike the foul Paynim; we lend him money, or rather we did. The heathen Turk owes us a good deal, so we watch over him as if he were an orphan child. No more Crusades, most warlike Sovereign! We go to Jerusalem, but it is with Mr. Cook."

"By the eyelashes of St. Krug," shouted the lionhearted one, "is England sunk so low that she waits to be paid, instead of seizing the debtor's goods and braining the wretched caitiff? Dost think we went whining to the Jews when we wanted their money? No; we drew their teeth till they howled and gave up the treasure."

"Pardon me, my liege, but I think you are slightly inaccurate. It was your brother John who played the dentist. Poor John! How sad he would be if he knew that dentistry is now quite painless! You inhale a little gas, close your eyes, there's a slight tug, and out comes the molar as easily as—"

"A truce to thy fooling!" interrupted Richard. "I tell thee I have had Jews flayed alive. One of them poisoned me at Chalus, and I ordered him to be skinned with my last breath."

"Really, my liege," I remonstrated, "I shall have to beg you to attend a class of elementary English history. Your education as a statue has fallen into painful neglect. Don't you know that you were shot by an archer, and that you forgave him with kingly generosity on your death-bed? It was your executors who flayed him afterwards. As for the Jews, you were on excellent terms with them. Remember Isaac of York."

The monarch struck his brow, and gazed at me with a bewildered eye. "I remember him not," he growled.

"By the top-knot of St. Monopole," I exclaimed, "I would not for a thousand pounds that the School Board should get wind of this. Beshink you, my liege. Why, it was Isaac of York who found horse and armour for Wilfrid of Ivanhoe to appear in the lists at Templestowe, and overthrow Brian de Bois-Guilbert. And you were the Black Knight whose prowess saved Wilfrid's life on that very day."

"I remember it not," muttered Richard, with suppressed fury.

"Nor Friar Tuck, and the buffet you gave him; nor the storming of Torquilstone?"

"Did I lead the attack, and slay the whole garrison with my single arm?"

"Well, I don't mind stretching a point and saying that something of the kind occurred."

Cœur de Lion drooped his head, and his sword fell from his nerveless hand.

"I remember nothing," he said, with a sob. "I am here on this horse in this fighting attitude simply to repeat all my prodigies of valour, and yet I have utterly forgotten everything you mention. Take me away and bury me. Richard will never be himself again!"

I was about to suggest that he was again out of date in alluding to the Richard who was the third of that illustrious name and not the first, but I had not the heart. The spectacle of the broken-down warrior weeping for his lost memory of battles he could not fight over again, and of the slain whom he could not slay once more, was too painful to be endured. The heads of the Saracens kept popping up, and seemed surprised that the terrible sword had ceased to lop them off. I turned away in tears of sympathy, but as I observed the statue next morning in full panoply, with its gigantic weapon uplifted, I presume that Richard has recovered his spirits.

L. F. A.

HOW TO SING A SONG.

MDLLE. MEALY AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The bright-faced little French lady who has lately come among us as the exponent-in-chief of *la chansonnette* has long been a favourite with the



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. MEALY.

café-chantant public of the Gay City, although she prefers to be recognised as having formed part of the Variétés troupe in the palmy days of Judie, Baron, and Dupuis.

"Everyone has been exceedingly kind to me here, and the word London, with, perhaps, Alhambra and Gaiety added, will ever be graven on my heart," she began; "but I cannot help feeling rather strange, so you must forgive me if I do not answer your questions cleverly," added Mdlle. Mealy prettily, as she stood in the wings waiting for her turn on the Alhambra stage.

"You ask me to give you my receipt for singing a song. I have been very much struck by the difference between the average French and English artiste—indeed, I do not mind confessing to you that I have had greatly to alter and adapt my methods to suit the taste of my new public. In Paris those who make a specialty of the kind of songs I sing—that is to say, the whole of the Offenbach, Lecoq, and modern répertoires—think far more of how they are to speak their words than how they are to sing them. That was where both Schneider and Judie excelled. Often my dear old master, Dupuis, of the Variétés, pointed out to me that the whole object of a *chanteuse* should be to make her meaning clearly understood. 'There is not only a *double entendre*, there is often a *triple entendre*, my child,' he would remark, with truth. Before thinking of singing a new song, or one which I have not sung before in public, I repeat the verses in half-a-dozen different ways, in order to see which expresses in the truest fashion that which is to be said."

"And do you believe in gesture as an aid to declamatory singing?"

"Certainly not. You know over here people are accustomed to think of the French as being a very gesticulating nation, and, indeed, I feel that my audiences are quite disappointed if I do not throw my arms

about—at least, a little," she added, laughingly. There are certain songs—for instance, 'Chatouilleuse' (Ticklish)—in which action plays a great part in translating the words of the song. But in 'La Fille à Ma Tante,' which seems to please my English public best, there is no necessity for a single movement, save of the facial muscles. Singers don't realise what powerful aids they have in their own countenance—the eyes, the nose and mouth, all can assist to drive home the meaning of a song to the auditors."

"And do you really find, Mademoiselle, that your songs are understood by those who frequent the Alhambra and Gaiety?"

"A great many foreigners come here, and I am much applauded," she replied, with a bright, evasive glance. "At the Gaiety, I confess, I do tremble somewhat, especially as my turn comes almost immediately after that extraordinary 'catty bow-wow' song, but, still, a great many people in the theatre understand and enjoy my *chansonnettes*. I only wish that I had known that I should have been asked to take an engagement in London, for then I should have prepared a somewhat different repertoire. You know, I only came in order to take part in the Alhambra performance given in aid of the Victoria disaster, but now I have become quite a Londoner, and next year I am going to return in order to sing in English."

"In English, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, indeed; I have already had several songs written for me, and I am studying hard at your difficult language in order that I may, at least, make myself understood. I should of all things enjoy playing a leading rôle in some English burlesque, for I cannot tell you how much I admire the splendid scenery and costumes in the London Theatres; it would be a pleasure to form part of such *décors*."

"Then you are as fond of acting as you are of singing?"

"In Paris we consider the theatre a more elevated branch of the profession," she replied simply, "and you can form no idea how fatiguing it is rushing from one place to another, the more so that I am very nervous, and the thought of facing two or three new audiences in the same evening is anything but a pleasant one to me; besides, the singer who makes a specialty of *chansonnettes* must have a good deal of the *comédienne* in her composition before she can hope to succeed. The secret of singing a song well is to know how to speak the verses in an intelligent manner;" and gathering up the train of her quaint Pompadour costume, Mdlle. Mealy glided forward, bowing again and again in response to the enthusiastic greeting she received from her friends in front, who were already humming the cheery refrain of "La Fille à Ma Tante."



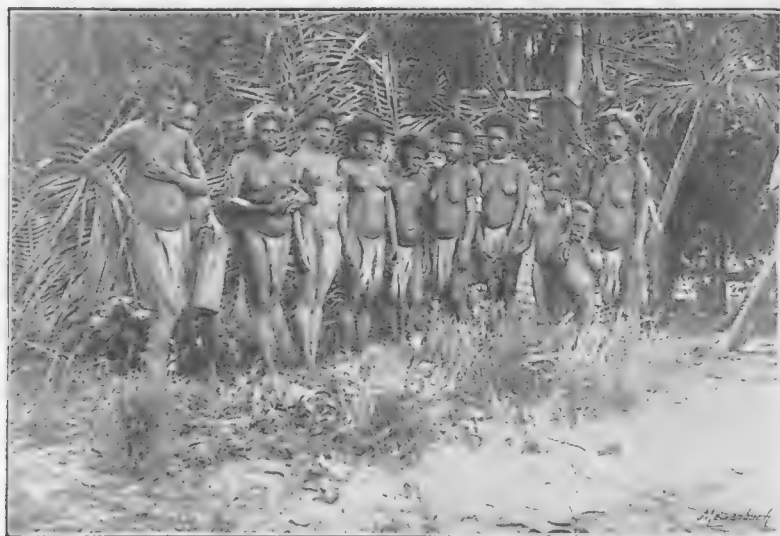
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. MEALY.

OUR NEW SUBJECTS IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

The very latest acquisition to the British Empire is the group in the Western Pacific known as the Solomon Islands. Though the name is suggestive of gold and pearls and precious stuffs, sandal wood and what-not, there is, as far as our present knowledge goes, no ground for supposing that these islands will ever be an acquisition in its best and broadest term. Some ten years ago the Queensland Government set eyes

that it is still practised in the villages in the interior. They are treacherous and revengeful, yet, if well treated, make faithful servants. They are polygamists, and when their women come to a marriageable age they must earn a thousand dogs' teeth (honestly or otherwise) before they can be assigned to a warrior as his property. Dogs' teeth, in some of the islands, pass as money, while in others porpoise and whale teeth pass as current coin. The dogs are bred on purpose, and what will buy in one island will not buy in another. Pigs, in the social scale, come before the women, and are fed before them. At present the principal



WOMEN AT UGI.



A GROUP OF NATIVES.

on the islands, not so much with the idea of raising the fabulous gold and pearls, as to prevent the Germans, who were hanging about the Archipelago, planting colonies so near to the Australian coast. In 1883 they resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and an expedition was sent to the eastern part of New Guinea. After tedious negotiations, during which time the plodding Teuton stepped in and quietly annexed the north-eastern corner, it was settled that part of New Guinea and half the group of adjacent islands (Solomon) should be placed under German protection. It is the other half, the southern, which has been recently placed under British jurisdiction. The romance attached to them reads like a story-book—how the Spanish navigator, Alverdo de Mendaña came upon them in 1567, and gave them their name, “to the end that the Spaniards, supposing them to be those isles from whence Solomon fetched gold to adorn the temple at Jerusalem, might be more desirous to go and inhabit the same”; how when he went on a second voyage to them he had to return without finding them, and for upwards of two hundred years they were lost. The official narrative of Mendaña's voyage was purposely delayed in

trade is copra, which is the cocoa-nut split and dried in the sun, and sold to the traders in strings of ten for sticks of tobacco. It is by no means a friendly “deal,” for in many of the villages the natives are so treacherous that one white trader, at least, stands over the transaction with loaded rifle. If the gentle Papuan sees that you are up to his little game, he will laugh outright, but let him catch you tripping or asleep, and the tomahawk is buried in your skull, and possibly in a few short hours there will be *gigiboro dim dim*—white man hat. The natives have again and again been accused of atrocious murders and outrages, but when it is considered that the traders are of all nationalities, and not good specimens at that, Swedes, Norwegians, French, Portuguese, Germans and English; that each trades under his own flag, and does his utmost to best the savage, it is no wonder the savage takes the way he considers easiest to retaliate. The great source of food and wealth is the cocoa-nut. The soil is very rich, and the vegetation luxuriant. Every island is covered with dense, damp, unhealthy forest, the climate is tropical, and the hurricane months last from December to April, when the water comes down in the proverbial bucket. Fever and ague are



THE VILLAGE OF UGI.



A TRADER'S HOUSE AT AOTAH.

publication through jealousy of the English, and especially of Drake, and gradually the wealth and resources of the islands became the common talk of all adventurers, and the excitement reached its height when Mendaña, in his old age, set out again for the group and could not find them. In 1768 the French rediscovered them, and now the English, perhaps, will search for the gold which has not yet been discovered. This they will discover, that the islands are not the most profitable in the world, and that the natives are not the most amiable. They have pleasant little ways of tomahawking a trader and annexing his rifle in the most barefaced manner. A recent traveller, Mr. E. W. Chapman, who has just returned after a six months' cruise among the islands, tells us that though the natives who have come in contact with the traders have gradually given up cannibalism, there is every reason to believe

prevalent, and most of the natives suffer from a kind of skin-disease, or ringworm. The savage will sell his soul for calico, and when he has got it he only wears it by fits and starts. Calico, square-face—i.e., gin—rifles, and tobacco form the principal trade. The English trader is forbidden to sell rifles, but as all the other traders have no rules and regulations, and no conscience, many of the natives know how to shoot. Rusty old Enfields can be had for two and sixpence in Sydney, and will fetch at least 10,000 cocoa-nuts. In some of the islands Mr. Chapman notices marked differences in the type and customs. For instance, the inhabitants of Rennell Island, south of San Cristoval, are most mild and peaceable. They have no defensive or offensive weapon beyond a long spear barbed with flying-fox bone and used for catching fish. Curiously enough they closely resemble the natives of New Zealand, some

thousands of miles away, in many of their habits and customs. Again, in Bougainville, Choiseul, and New Georgia, a system of national Socialism or Communism obtains. They have everything in common and it is share and share alike, and in consequence all are poor and there is great lack of energy and vital force. They are woebegone and emaciated to a degree, and altogether a feeble and degenerate race. As a contrast, in Malaita and Guadalcana the men are a fine, upstanding

Aug. 8. His Excellency landed at Hobart amid much enthusiasm. He is fifty-six years of age, and has held two governorships previous to his Tasmanian appointment.

Wellington is about to be lighted with electricity.

After the many failures of Australian banks it is gratifying to find that New Zealand presents a contrast of prosperity. At the general meeting of the Bank of New Zealand, the chairman stated that the colony had "received a tremendous lift in credit and prosperity."

Mr. Pincro's play, "The Amazons," has just been produced in Sydney. It has a special interest from the fact that in the original cast Miss Pattie Browne, an Australian, made a decided success.

In Sydney there is a Fresh Air League which provides factory girls with holidays in the country for a month. This refreshing rest is longer than like societies in England usually can afford to give.

With not a little glee the departure of a batch of successful Chinese from Sydney to Hong Kong is recorded. Australians on such occasions are only too willing to speed the parting guest.

As showing the growth of popularity of Australian wines, it is stated that the imports into Great Britain during the seven months ending July 31 amounted to 305,168 gallons. This is an increase of 97,628 gallons as compared with the corresponding period in 1892.

Slowly but surely an "Australian party" is crystallising in the House of Commons, thus adding one more clique to those already existing on the floor of the House. Perhaps, however, the formation of a strong Colonial party may be a step in the direction of the federation of the world, immortalised by Tennyson.

On Oct. 1 and afterwards, offices for the sale of money-orders will be opened at Tuli, Victoria, Salisbury, and Umtali, in Mashonaland. Thus one more step in civilisation has to be recorded.

Certain frontier questions with regard to Afghanistan are about to be discussed with the Ameer by Sir H. M. Durand, Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department. He has proceeded to Cabul with this intention.



OUR NEW SUBJECTS: "AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST CHEATING ONE STANDS WITH LOADED MUSKET."

set of fellows, energetic, and for Papuans, hard working, and many of them own much property in dogs' teeth, and pearl shell, and the trader from Sydney and Maryborough will always find them ready to do a deal in copra.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. E. W. Theobald.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The wholesale buying and selling of islands has a peculiar fascination for other than novel readers. Mr. Chamberlain is said to be the owner of an island—a distinction, in the eyes of imaginative people, far greater than that of being a prominent politician. There is a romantic touch about the idea of possessing a "right little, tight little island," which perhaps schoolboys (who often have their young eyes fixed on desert islands) can best appreciate. No wonder that a storm of opposition was aroused in Ottawa directly the Government said that the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River were for sale to the highest bidder. The auction is now "indefinitely postponed."

Canadians want two English experts to investigate, at the Dominion's expense, the question as to whether pleuro-pneumonia exists in Canada.

The fruit trade between Canada and New South Wales is becoming an important factor in that colony's finance. Oranges and lemons are in particular demand.

The ex-Minister for Native Affairs in New Zealand, Mr. A. J. Cadman, has been victorious over his rival, Mr. W. L. Rees, at the poll by a majority of 750. He is thus once more a member of the House of Representatives.

Tasmania received its new Governor, Viscount Gormanston, on



OUR NEW SUBJECTS: NATIVE WOMEN ENGAGED IN A TRIUMPHANT MARCH.

SMALL TALK.

The death of Mr. James Stillie, the Edinburgh bookseller, reminds me that it is only a year ago since I visited the interesting old man in his shop in George Street. He was very deaf, but none the less delightfully anecdotal. He talked of his intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, and how as a boy he carried the money of the Ballantynes—when they had any—and the copy of the great magician to and from Abbotsford. Sometimes he would find himself in gypsy encampments, sometimes among more formidable thieves. And, indeed, the life of lowland Scotland which Mr. Stillie depicted as obtaining when he was Ballantyne's apprentice seventy years ago, suggests the days of Robin Hood, and, in a measure, throws a light upon the "environment" which gave Scott his glorious enthusiasm for the romantic. Of Scott himself, Mr. Stillie spoke with the genuine admiration which all who knew him were



Photo by E. R. Yerbury, Edinburgh.
MR. JAMES STILLIE.

ever ready to give to one of the sweetest and noblest of men. He was not, however, quite so kindly reminiscent about some of Scott's contemporaries. Lord Jeffrey and Lockhart he described as supercilious, Macaulay as dreamy and elusive. But Lord Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, he admired well nigh as much as he admired Sir Walter. In saying good-bye Mr. Stillie handed me a rare pamphlet connected with Scott bibliography. I hope he has left some recollections for publication, but I doubt it.

I dropped in at the Criterion Theatre the other evening in order to renew old associations—the associations of twenty years ago—"La Fille de Madame Angot." Had it any staying power? This was the question which I asked myself. Well do I remember that pretty little house in Islington—the Philharmonic, where the Grand now stands. There I saw Emily Soldene—where is she now?—and very bright and fascinating the whole thing seemed to a boy. Words and melody alike rang in the ear for many a year. There have been revivals, I know, but I have not seen them; and now comes the Criterion revival, with Miss Decima Moore and Miss Amy Augarde. Well, the play is *not* a disappointment. These young ladies are not one whit less attractive than their sisters of long ago, and the old melodies are as fresh as ever. "La Fille de Madame Angot" is worth a hundred of those wretched musical burlesques which have held the stage for a week or two at a time during the interval since the daughter of Madame Angot first sang her song against the Republic and Citizen Barras. By the way, the opera is brought up to date by references to a "fight" in the Directory, and so on. Miss Decima Moore is now, as ever, the very embodiment of graceful movement on the stage.

Though "Morocco Bounders" at the Shaftesbury have lost a great attraction by the departure of "La Loie," native talent has literally stepped in and most admirably and effectually filled the gap in the person of Miss Letty Lind, who, besides playing the part of the society dancer Maude Sportington, shows between the acts that she can equal, if not surpass, the most serpentine follower of Terpsichore. On the first night of this new departure the nimble Letty danced herself into the good graces of a crowded house with a "skill and dexterity" that was rewarded by a perfect roar of applause. Nothing could be more effective of its kind than this "surprise" dance with its graceful convolutions of gauzy drapery and its varying evolutions of lithe limbs and supple body. The "surprise" comes in, I suppose, when the dancer's garments fall from her, revealing her slim figure clad, not in white samite, but black silk tights. The limelight man must have had all his work cut out to follow her flying feet with his constantly changing colours that add so much to the effect, and that he appreciated his own efforts was proved by his appearance hand-in-hand with the lady as she took her "call."

When the blameless Roman citizen fled from the cares and duties that had rendered him so conspicuous a member of the community that founded the fortunes of the Eternal City, he turned with zest to the simple pursuits of agriculture, and 'twas in the midst of these that the summons to return discovered him. So Mr. Jabez Balfour, feeling no doubt that he, too, by the unstinted labour of many years, has climbed the pinnacle of fame, has, I understand, become in his retirement an ardent cultivator of that fascinating flower the orchid. Even among these innocent children of a lavish southern nation, Mr. Balfour has not forgotten his fellow-citizens, and has made certain purchases, in connection with his new pursuit, from a Croydon nurseryman. Perchance, like the ancient Roman I have mentioned, he, too, may be called upon some day to return to his native country, and to that labour (probably hard) which his retiring disposition has led him to avoid, or perhaps his financial abilities will bring him a fresh crop of financial honours in the disturbed country of his adoption.

"Birds in their little nests agree," but bards, especially Welsh ones, unlike the feathered songsters, appear to differ. At the Eisteddfod the

Committee, with singular precision, came to the conclusion that an odd number of judges could not be evenly divided on the merits of the various odes composed for the annual competition, and selected three bards of established fame as adjudicators. The serenity of the meeting was unhappily disturbed by the obstinacy of the minority, who, like the minority in the House of Commons, was determined to be heard. Though but one man, this minority was a Welshman, with all the impetuosity of his native torrents, and like them he declined to be dammed, though to judge from the reports he was certainly not blessed. But if the minority resembled in obstructiveness that of Westminster, Judge Gwilym Williams, the Chairman of the Committee, is more decided than his prototype in the House, and cut short his eloquence ruthlessly. "One word," pleaded the dissentient bard. "Not a word, Sir," replied Judge Williams, and, kindly but firmly, the bard of Llanrwst was withdrawn from the platform. His Honour, Judge Williams, is, I believe, a County Court judge, and it is not unnatural, therefore, that his actions should be decided. Were Sir Henry Hawkins Chairman of Committees at St. Stephen's, with the black cap ready for wear, there would probably be fewer scenes of unruliness to illustrate the strivings after Home Rule.

That "law is an article manufactured by lawyers for lawyers" was aptly illustrated by the cross actions of Williams v. Eady and Eady v. Williams, tried in her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench a few days ago. Mr. Williams is the progenitor of a "young idea," and Mr. Eady the pedagogue, to whom was allotted the task of teaching that young idea how to shoot. During the period devoted to this devoutly wished-for consummation, the youth himself was shot by an explosive fired by a fellow pupil. Williams père claimed damages for the bodily damage sustained by Williams fils, while the schoolmaster required compensation for the abrupt removal of that unlucky youth and his two brothers. To each litigant damages almost equal in amount were awarded, while costs, as they say of honours at whist, were "easy." Each party had therefore the privilege of helping to support some well known members of the legal profession, and probably regret their readiness to aid that unknown quantity the Law.

Mr. T. C. O'Brien's score of 84 runs against Somerset has once more brought the humorous "point" of Middlesex into notice among cricketers. It was an innings played in his best style, and the Taunton folks appreciated it to the full. Mr. O'Brien is one of the most speedy run getters in the kingdom, and although he has slowed down somewhat and developed, perhaps, a more careful style, yet he is still one of the



Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.
MR. T. C. O'BRIEN.

safest and reliable scorers of the team. No one has been known to fall asleep while the Middlesex amateur has been at the wicket. Although he is not now such a rapid scorer as in the year after he "went down" from Oxford University, he shares with Messrs. H. T. Hewitt and F. J. C. Ford the reputation of being amongst the liveliest cricketers in England. His display along with Mr. Stoddart, when both scored over a century against Surrey at Lord's this season, will not readily be forgotten. Mr. O'Brien was born at Dublin on Nov. 5, 1861, and is one of the best cricketers Ireland ever produced. It was as a hard hitter that he first came prominently before the public, who always appreciate the man whose play affords plenty of "delirious delight," which ought to form part of the excitement of a cricket-match.

Richly endowed by the beneficence of nature and well trained in both dramatic and lyric art, Miss Ellis Jeffreys is admirably adapted to fulfil the rôle of a versatile and volatile comedienne. Being tall, of superb figure, and undeniably pretty, her noted taste



Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Her imitative faculty enabled her as Priscilla B-hives in "The Dancing Girl" to create a killing take-off of Miss Julia Neilson's Druscilla, only that she "went one better," and danced B-witchingly.

A new and distinguished air invested her interpretation of Madame Polenta in "Betsy," and no more magnificent duchess ever appeared than her Grace of Market Harborough in "Haste to the Wedding." Lady Maggie Wagstaff in "The Pink Dominoes" is so thoroughly to Miss Jeffreys' taste that she considers it quite as representative of her dramatic style as the "hit" she undoubtedly made as Gussy, the maiden up to date, in "The Bauble Shop," whose high birth and breeding is cunningly portrayed as only veneered with the gloss (!) of the music halls. Miss Jeffreys made an admirable Margery Lund in "The Old Lady," has lately appeared as Edith in "Dearest Mama," and more recently and temporarily as well as amiably, to suit the management, in the small part of Hersilie in "La Fille de Madame Angot." I should like to see Miss Jeffreys play Peg Woffington. I believe the part would fit her like a glove.

With a full license, a full programme, and a full house from floor to ceiling, the Olympic Music Hall commenced its existence last Bank Holiday. At prices ranging from a gallery seat at fourpence to a luxurious stall at eighteenpence the audience was entertained for fully six hours with a performance not one whit inferior to that given at any one of the music halls further west, except that there was no ballet. Two capital dramatic sketches, both horsey in character, however, made a welcome change. In the "Fair Equestrienne," Cora Stuart renewed her feats of horsemanship in the spring handicap on the bounding horse-hair sofa, and Miss Jennie Burgoyne, three-quarters nude apparently, strapped to a "fiery untamed steed" rode him through mountain passes till he was as docile as a towel-horse. Both performances were enthusiastically received—perhaps Miss Burgoyne "The Beautiful" secured the most applause, but then one saw more of her. The remainder of the items were excellent, but of the usual type.

Everybody in Paris seems to have gone mad over this new cycling craze. I suppose there has never been in the history of nations such a sudden burst of enthusiasm over any new form of frivolling. A friend tells me that the cream of Upper Bohemia, as well as diplomacy and the fine arts, may be seen skimming the Bois on the airy wheel every morning between the fashionable hours of seven and ten o'clock. The Duc de Grammont is a great hand, or, more properly, leg, at this personally-conducted form of merry-go-round. He and Baron Alfred de Rothschild are already crack wheelmen. When M. Clémenceau can get away from the hotch-potch of French politics, he loves to do a tandem with his piquant little daughter. One sees Émile Zola whirring past, probably concocting a "situation" as he goes, and Jean Richepin says the motion appeals eloquently to his muse, and exalts his mood into inspiration—

a distinct triumph in the annals of cycling, this. Madame Régane, in the smartest of costumes, flies past with a series of shrill little shrieks, and the gilded youth of young Paris has lost itself in admiration of Madame de Brémont's performance. I forget, by-the-way, how many yards of material go to make the artistic triumph of her trousers. In fact, the wheel fever is as strong in Paris as tennis was with us on its revival some years ago, when maidens and mammas first discovered what a sure and sagacious part the racket and ball played in bringing "young people together."

At Homburg it is the humorous slang of the place to ask newcomers if they drink or wash, which, being construed, means, "Have you come to take the waters or the baths?" as the case may be. And there is a laugh going round at present among the men here about a certain smart youth from town, whose libations have been the subject of a good deal of club talk and head-shaking this past season. He was walking down to the tennis courts one morning after his arrival, when, meeting a charming American of his acquaintance with whom he particularly wished to stand well, he was more than a little abashed when she suddenly challenged him with the disconcerting accusation, "You drink?" "Well—er—as you seem to have heard about me, I cannot deny it. But you will, I hope, believe me when I say that I have quite resolved to——" "Oh!" she gasped, "I'm so sorry. I only wanted to know if you are taking the waters!" And our poor youth was, with the greatest difficulty, prevailed on by his friends to stay on and finish his three weeks' course.

Rather rough on an adventurous inventor to be popped in for eight months because his machine refused to fly. I had the pleasure of knowing M. Delprat when he was Professor of Mathematics at the Lycée, and, having a yearning for aerial navigation myself, was brought much in contact with him for a short time. His solution of the flying difficulty appeared so feasible that M. Belatchoff, a rich Russian, supplied the sinews of war to the tune of over three thousand pounds. The silly winged velocipede wouldn't rise to the occasion, however, and, having taken to raise the wind for another try by receiving apprentices and absorbing their premiums, the police authorities in Paris have decided to lock up the enthusiast. I remember receiving an earnest assurance from M. Delprat while in Paris a few months ago that one could shortly breakfast in London and dine at Delmonico's with the aid of his invaluable machine. And if I took his promises with a pessimistic grain of salt, it was only because of an unpleasant personal experience I had just gone through myself. I had persuaded my people to give a garden party, that the whole country-side should see my transportation to Bagdad or Dublin, it did not matter which. The party was given, the country-side turned up. I took an affecting farewell of everybody, and mounted my beloved machine, the result of two years' devoted labour. It rose as high as the thorn hedge starting point, and then collapsed at the other side. So did I, and felt exceedingly sore in mind and person for the rest of the day, the sympathy of my friends being as nothing to the other symptoms I bore in grim silence.

The sons of the German Emperor are the centre of all interest to the good folks of Cassel and neighbourhood since their arrival at Wilhelmshöhe for their holidays. However, complete holidays they are not quite enjoying, as the young Princes are being taught various accomplishments out of doors, such as shooting, riding, and driving, while their "playing at soldiers and strategy" is carried on in the most serious manner. However, it sounds rather comical to learn that their governor has orders to inspect and criticise the fortifications of earth and mud built by the boy Princes.

Apropos of the custom prevalent in the Hohenzollern family of every Prince learning some craft, the young Crown Prince is being taught that of a carpenter, and has, with the aid of his brothers, built a little wooden house in the park of the Neue Palais. The craft learnt by the Emperor Frederick was that of a printer, there being still extant proofs of his skill, greatly treasured by his family. It appears that the present Kaiser was taught the craft of an architect, builder and mason, and, it would seem, with some good results, as his imperial Majesty always devotes great attention to the plans for new public buildings, and criticises them freely too. By a recent decree, all such are first to be submitted to him.

The Kaiser examines every detail of the designs, returns them to the architects with copious annotations and critical remarks, and sometimes even remodels the entire arrangements. As proof of his Majesty's careful study may be mentioned that, recently, on examining the designs for a new post-office at Memel, the Gothic style of which would require high ornamental gables, they were returned with these remarks: "Although I must in every respect praise the style in the designs, I impress upon the architect to have the gables well anchored in view of the severe easterly gales to which they will be exposed." Moreover, Kaiser Wilhelm sometimes is not content with mere criticism, but assumes the rôle of an architect, of which many designs bear proof, he having indicated in pencil or chalk alterations desired, the forms and place to be adopted for a tower, doors, windows, &c. Thus, the Imperial Post-Office Museum at Berlin contains several such drawings with architectural improvements by the Kaiser's hand, which have been glazed and framed for preservation.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Nothing could be more absolute than the utter calm which has fallen on the House of Commons after the storm of a week or so ago. It has cleared the air, and though there has been some angry murmurs of recrimination the atmosphere is one of peace. This result is mainly due to the official pressure which has been brought to bear on every gentleman who took part, voluntarily or involuntarily, in the great scrimmage. I must say that in the general opinion these proceedings have borne very hardly on one man, Mr. Logan, the victim of Mr. Hayes Fisher's ill-temper and ill-breeding. He has been made to stand in the pillory by Mr. Fisher's side, though he was in no sense the culprit, and he has also had to bear the brunt of further charges on that gentleman's part of dishonourable conduct. I must say the sympathy is almost unanimously with Mr. Logan, and against the Member for Fulham, who has behaved about as badly as any man in his position could possibly have done. However, Mr. Logan has practically been shut out by the official whitewash from pursuing the matter any further. I think he has been deeply wronged, and that his leaders are very much to blame for that fact.

THE SPEAKER IN THE CHAIR.

Regarding Mr. Peel, we have had an example of the extent to which the House has suffered from the chairmanship of Mr. Mellor during Committee on the Home Rule Bill. We are now at the stage of report, and the Speaker presides. The result has not been magical, but it has given very decisive evidence of the difference between a strong man and a weak one. The progress of the Bill has been more rapid, the tone of the House incomparably more business-like, and the entire machine has moved forward with a smoothness which was entirely lacking under Mr. Mellor's uncertain and often unintelligent guidance. No one ever dares to trifle with the Speaker, who now and then, perhaps, errs in cases of momentary sternness, but who is a just man, and is above all passionately devoted to the work of keeping the House of Commons on its old level of courtliness and good temper. Every now and then the rigid sway of the Speaker has had results which makes the observer smile. Not once during his entire chairmanship did Mr. Mellor venture to check the ever fluent tongue of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, or any of the high and mighty leaders of Unionism. Before Mr. Peel had been in the chair many minutes he had stopped both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Courtney. Mr. Courtney looked curiously crestfallen when he was checked, but neither he nor Mr. Chamberlain attempted to argue with the stately figure in robes and wig.

AN AUTUMN SESSION.

At length the desire of the Liberals has been fulfilled, and we have had a definite promise of an autumn session. There can be no doubt that one or two Ministers, among them Mr. Gladstone himself, have shied a little at the prospect, and that it has been a little difficult to screw up the Whigs to the heroic level required by the situation. Now, however, the thing has been done, and I think that in a measure it will succeed. Of course, it is just possible that the carefully-arranged plan of obstruction at which the Tories are aiming may delay the adjournment till the end of September. In that case it may not be possible to obtain the measure on which the hearts of the Liberals are set, namely, the Parish Councils Bill, before Christmas. If that is clearly the case, it is just possible we may be prorogued in September, and meet again in the middle of November for a month's talk on Employers' Liability, Equalisation of Rates, and Parish Councils. Then there will be an adjournment over Christmas, and we should meet again with the Parish Councils Bill fairly on its way to committee. If, however, there is to be a prorogation, it follows that the Government must make a push to get Employers' Liability settled before the House separates for its brief and well-earned holiday. Much time has been spent on it, great interest is excited in it. If it were sacrificed the Government would lose their hold on working class feeling, and very serious political results might follow.

THE OLD TACTICIAN.

The debates on the Home Rule Bill on report have, on the whole, strengthened the position of the Government. Their majorities have increased, their party is kept well together, and a fairly good vote on the third reading is assured. Now and then, however, there has been, as must always occur in protracted Parliamentary matters, instances in which the Opposition have out-manœuvred them. This happened notably over Sir Henry James's ingenious clause, proposing the repeal of an old Act enabling the Lord Lieutenant to suspend Habeas Corpus all over Ireland in case of rebellion or invasion. Sir Henry proved, in his clever lawyer's way, and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Courtney clenched the argument, that this might give the Irish Executive power which does not even belong to the English Cabinet. Of course, this was conclusive of the necessity for accepting the amendment. But somehow the law officers of the Crown had been permitted to make some rather double-sounding speeches in opposition to it. What was the Government to do? It might very well have drifted into defeat and it needed a strong hand to save it. Mr. Gladstone did the trick—there is really no other phrase to describe his little manœuvre. In a most ingenious little speech he now dealt out thunderbolts of wrath to Mr. Balfour, now wove in a dextrous little historical argument on the origin of the offending statute, and then precisely at the right moment slid in the most wily surrender possible.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Chamberlain is a splendid instance of the survival of the fittest. There he sits, spare and wiry, in the corner of the third bench below the gangway, always ready, and never out of training. His mastery of the Home Rule Bill is phenomenal to the ordinary member. When we go home to our domestic circle we all admit that continual poring over the Home Rule question leaves us rather puzzleheaded than otherwise. But Mr. Chamberlain seems to have successfully turned himself into an index on the Irish question, and has quotations in his pocket for every possible phase of the controversy. Last week he had one of his not-out innings, scoring freely all round, and dispatching Sir William Harcourt to the boundary at every delivery. The only doubt in the minds of my cautious brother Conservatives is whether "Joe" is not a trifle too brilliant, whether his insistent criticism may not be a little wearying to the country and apt to embitter against us men who might vote for us if their corns were not perpetually danced on by the member for West Birmingham.

RETENTION OR EXCLUSION.

The debate and division on the retention or exclusion of the Irish members was a memorable one. Mr. Chamberlain's speech I have alluded to. There were other good harangues, and the old arguments trotted out on both sides. Mr. Wilson, of Govan, gave himself away badly when he admitted that what the Radical party wanted to retain Irish members at Westminster for was in order to use them as ballast for the express train with which it is proposed to rush extreme Democratic measures through the British House in the sweet by-and-by. This is a cynical way of putting it, and the evidence all goes to prove that this would certainly happen. After all, it is natural to suppose that in sheer gratitude the Irish members would be ready to vote according to the Liberal whips' hints, to put it mildly. But then, what is gratitude? A lively sense of favours to come, and there would have to be a big deal before each vote was given, and this is precisely the *gravamen* of our objection to the retention of the Irish members. *Do ut des* would be the motto all round, and what could be more demoralising than that? It was noticed that Mr. Horace Plunket voted against exclusion. This is the only point on which he has differed with the policy of his party, and he has always been more independent in his Unionist views than most of the Irish Unionist members. It is absurd to say he is weakening in his support to the party, for a stauncher man does not act with Mr. Balfour.

CLOSURING SUPPLY.

Once we get Home Rule out of the way, Supply will be the order of the day for many a week. The Ministerialists are very old hands, and their idea is to make use of the Hanbury-Bowles-Bartley combination for the purpose of blackening the character of the whole Opposition, and so give some colour of excuse to the plot to closure Supply. This won't "wash." It is too "thin." Up to the present moment we have hardly had twenty-five days in Supply, and forty or fifty is only the allowance of a normal Session. It is simply astounding to think that millions of money is expected to be voted to the motto of "Mum's the Word." From what I know of the feelings of the service members alone in the House I anticipate pretty lively times in September. As to an autumn session there is a lot of genuine scepticism about it. Even Mr. Gladstone's reply to Mr. Jacks was inconclusive and hazy, and my own opinion is that it is much more likely that we shall commence a new session in December than reassemble to finish the present one in October or November. Mr. Gladstone himself is looking shockingly ill. I was startled only a day or two ago at the appearance of his profile as he lay with his head on the back of the Treasury bench. I should have thought that his own party would try and save their sole mainstay from extra fatigue, but the seat-panic is upon them. Give us Parish Councils or we die.

BIMETALLISM.

If there is one subject upon which I am apt to be more cautious than another, it is Bimetallism. Up to the present I have been able to put off anxious enquirers on the subject by saying, "Really, I haven't studied the question." The mysterious subject has reached quite another stage now in Parliament, and you can't get off in this off-hand manner. They tell me it is the coming question; can't get away from it; bound to know something about it, and so on. When I see Mr. McNeil, the Secretary of the Bimetallic League, limp into the inner Lobby, I always disappear. There is no doubt about it, Bimetallism is permeating both sides of the House.

HEREFORD.

By the time these lines are in print Hereford will be once more represented in Parliament. The two candidates, I hear, are on the best of terms personally, so that there is no fear of any repetition of the Logan-Fisher kind of controversy between the principals. Both are Hereford men. Our man, Radcliffe Cooke, is a short, dark-browed, long mustachioed little fellow, with a great gift of the gab and able to write his own election literature, not a bad qualification nowadays. His book, "Five Years' Hard Labour in Parliament," was a success, and the G.O.M. read and praised it. Sir Joseph Pulley is, I hear, an excellent candidate, and as I write his party swear he will increase the majority. This will be a nasty one for Mr. W. H. Grenfell and no one else. But in any case the constituency is a very small one, and probably greatly swayed by local feelings and traditions.

A WIG-MAKER AT HOME.

I am assured that to the well-regulated mind Bluebeard's chamber could never have presented half the horrors suspended, like Damocles' sword, above my devoted head as I passed through the room sacred to



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.
MR. WILLIAM CLARKSON.

"commerce" in the establishment of Mr. Clarkson, the wig-maker, at 45, Wellington Street.

In the aforesaid receptacle of Lord Bluebeard, only the capital portions of exceedingly charming young ladies seem to have been on view, while in Wellington Street all the visages of all the terrible beasts which have ever disported themselves in Dreamland, after over-indulgence in Christmas pudding, confront the beholder.

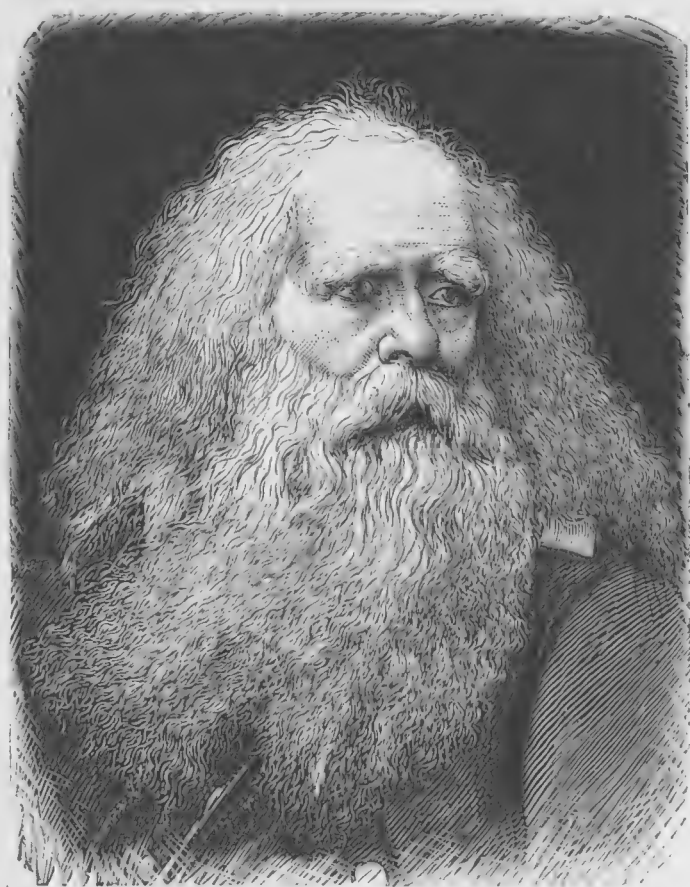
They leered, they glowered, they smiled, suggesting pantomimes and Covent Garden balls, as I hastened beyond their realm into the *sanctum sanctorum* of Mr. Clarkson.

A cosy, oddly shaped little room is this sanctum, with all its walls which are not hidden by mirrors covered with rare old prints and photographs of celebrities. Here the stage beauties of past and present are to

This little boudoir of mirrors is the magic mill into which totters old age, to emerge later blooming with *beauté du diable* (in all outward appearance, at least), and Mr. Clarkson is the miller.

He is a small, fair-haired young man, of pleasant manner, looking even less than his twenty-eight years, despite the beard, which is evidently intended to confer a semblance of maturity, and he assured me that, including his studies in Paris, he had been in his present business since the early age of twelve.

On a pleasing and expansive background of necktie played a diamond surrounded with pearls, presented, together with a large frame of photographs, to Mr. Clarkson by the Queen, in token of her appreciation of his various services. As Mr. Clarkson, "Perruquier and Costumier to her Majesty," informed me of these honours his eyes travelled to the photographs of royalty in question, and mine followed his, not ceasing their peregrinations until they rested in amazement upon a large glass case, filled, apparently, with numerous gentlemen's very prettily curled scalps. I threw a glance of horrified inquiry at my host. "Hundreds of men in society wear things like these," said Mr. Clarkson. "I could mention some names which might surprise you. Women have by no means a monopoly of the false-hair market, although they are so fond of pinning on artistic little fringes, and making their back hair look as though it must rival Godiva's if it were let down. See," he continued, indicating a radiant golden object which made me feel dazedly that Mr. Clarkson had been guilty of scooping some lovely female's face out of the back of her head and throwing the former detail away.



FRED LESLIE AS RIP VAN WINKLE (ACT III.).

"See, that is intended for a rather well-known woman of society, who has ruined her hair by constantly bleaching it. Natural, isn't it?"

Half-tearfully, I admitted that it was, and changed the tenor of my thoughts by asking Mr. Clarkson if he had as many interesting anecdotes to relate as he had hirsute adornments to display.

"Come upstairs, where we will not be interrupted," he returned mysteriously. "B——, the detective, will be wanting this room to get up a disguise in presently."

Feeling that I was walking straight into the pages of a "shilling shocker," I followed my host to an apartment above the precincts devoted to business, and which was, he informed me, the scene of his nativity. "I've plenty of anecdotes," he announced, "but first I'll show you a few things which may interest you."

The room was filled with Covent Garden ball prizes and souvenirs of regard from various celebrities, from which I found it hard to distract my attention, until Mr. Clarkson placed in my hand a large silver-clasped volume presented by Wilson Barrett. "This is my autograph album," said he. "Unluckily, it never occurred to me to start one until a couple of years ago."

I opened the book at random upon a delightful sketch by Bernard Partridge, representing, under the heading "Before and After Going to Clarkson," a hideous skeleton and a dapper individual on the right side of middle age.

Mr. Penley had written "I don't like London," and Mrs. Langtry addressed her "Willie" Clarkson as "the only comfort of her declining years."

"I am forty-seven to-day, but, thanks to your Lillie powder, my complexion is equal to a youth of seventeen," wrote Arthur Williams;



FRED LESLIE AS RIP VAN WINKLE (ACT I.).

be seen in a collection begun by Mr. Clarkson's father, full forty years ago. Most of the portraits are signed, and among the signatures are those for which many a member of the *jeunesse dorée* would gladly pour forth a golden shower.

while sprinkled about over the classic pages I saw the chirography of the Kendals, the two De Reszkes, the Countess of Ailesbury, Ally Sloper, Professor Pepper, and hundreds of brightly shining luminaries from Sarah Bernhardt to Lottie Collins, who, by-the-bye, send all the way from Paris and America to Clarkson for their wigs.

"Now you shall see some of my dearest possessions," said Mr. Clarkson. Thereupon he summoned a "myrmidon" in the shape of



E. J. LONNEN AS TONY FOSTER.

Again the youth appeared, this time staggering under the weight of a figure clad in an extremely curious costume, mostly composed of feathers.

"This dress was given to Edmund Kean when he was created a chief of the Huron Indians," Mr. Clarkson observed with pride. "He presented it to Miss Foote, the mother of the celebrity who became the late Countess of Harrington. She in turn gave it to Leigh Murray, the comedian, whose wife preserved it for upwards of forty years, before passing it on to Mr. Gilmer, of the Alhambra, who finally gave it to me."

Having gazed at these most interesting relics, and also seen all that was mortal of Mrs. Langtry and Sarah Bernhardt's "Cleopatra" back hair, as well as a trailing mass of golden locks used by Miss Van Brugh, Miss Terry's understudy, in the part of Fair Rosamund, I reminded Mr. Clarkson of the "anecdotes."

"Well, I could tell you many, which would make you believe truth stranger than fiction," said he. "Scarcely a day passes which doesn't bring some queer experience or acquaint me with a secret, for you know, not only is my work among stage people and professional detectives, but with those who wish to see a bit of life, or amuse themselves in an eccentric way, or discover a mystery, or satisfy jealous suspicions, without being recognised. I'm often asked, also, to conceal



MADAME PATTI AS MARGUERITE.

disfigurements, from black eyes to tattooing. Speaking of the latter, when the King of the Maoris was in England he used to frequent the Alhambra, and the difference in the actors' appearance on and off the stage puzzled him tremendously, until the mystery of 'make-up' was explained, and my name was incidentally mentioned to him. The very next day he came here with his interpreter, saying he desired to be made up. It then transpired that his Majesty was fond of walking in Piccadilly, but that his pleasure was marred by the attention his dark face and plentiful tattooing excited. Could I hide both? Of course, I could, and did, much to the satisfaction of the king, who could hardly tear himself away from the mirror. The following day he returned, radiant with delight over the success of his experiment, purchasing enough grease paint and powder to last the remainder of his life. Just as he was departing, he rushed back to say very sternly that if his chiefs should come inquiring for

articles of make-up I was on no account to let them have any."

"Do women of society ever come to you for other purposes than to be made beautiful?" I inquired.

"Sometimes with precisely the opposite desire. For instance, only a few days ago a coroneted carriage drove to my door, and a woman whose beauty London has raved for several seasons entered with a request to see Mr. Clarkson alone. I'd often made her up for private

theatricals, so we were not strangers. She had a wager, she informed me, that she would be able to sell flowers for two hours in Piccadilly during the most crowded time of day without being recognised, and she expected me to help her win the bet. It looked a shame to hide that lovely face under a rough, dark make-up, change the shape of the straightest nose in England, and put stones in the pretty mouth to alter the contour of the cheeks. But I did it, added a frowsy wig, a common frock, a torn straw hat, and sent for a basket of violets. Instead of the stately beauty who had swept into my shop in her Parisian gown, away went a Cinderella without Cinderella's fairness. But the experiment was successful, I learned next day, and the wager fairly won."

"And now, won't you give me something with a spice of mystery?"

"As much as you like. Well, then, one morning a closed brougham drove to my shop, and the footman handed in a letter which contained a request that one of my people should be sent out for the purpose of disguising a lady. That was all. We were given no means of knowing whether she was young or old, or what sort of disguise was wanted. However, one of my best men was packed off, with a variety of materials in his disguise box, and was driven rapidly all the way to Richmond, or, at least, within half a mile of the town. There he was asked to alight, and provided with a cigar, which he was ordered to continue smoking until he should see a gentleman, wearing a red carnation in his buttonhole, advancing along the left-hand side of the road. Then he was to throw his cigar away, as a species of signal. He obeyed his instructions, met a gentleman, well dressed and of fine appearance, who explained the programme which was to be carried out by my man at the — hotel, with extreme precaution in keeping his purpose secret. Unfortunately, however, the proprietor of the hotel, who was a great frequenter of the Alhambra and other theatres where my people are employed, recognised the



EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU.



ARTHUR ROBERTS AS WENSIL.

man and called out 'Hullo, Clarkson!' The poor fellow was quite frightened, lest in some way his object should thus have been defeated, but, luckily, the office was nearly empty, and he was allowed to proceed towards the room mentioned in his directions without being molested. The door was opened by a pretty young girl, who seemed agitated and hysterical, and who nervously entreated to be disguised as an old woman with as little delay as possible. After that day, the same man was sent for once or twice a week, during a period of three or four months, ordered to proceed to different hotels in different places, and usually to have a new disguise ready. At last we learned that the young lady was an important ward in Chancery, who had been secretly married.

"The 'black eye' episodes are sometimes very funny to us, though usually annoying enough for those most nearly concerned. Not long ago, for example, a young lady went out for a quiet walk the day before that set for her marriage, and was struck between the eyes with a stone thrown by a small boy. She was to have a large church wedding, and was horrified to find both her orbs assuming a deeply mourning tint. At last some sagacious and sympathetic friend suggested me, and I had the honour of making up her eyes an hour before the marriage. The work was triumphantly accomplished, and the bride went to the altar a 'thing of beauty and a joy for ever' to her bridegroom and her relatives."



MRS. LANGTRY
AS LADY TEAZLE.

"Haven't I heard your name in connection with the discovery of some famous criminal or other?"

"Perhaps you are thinking of the Strand abduction case. Yes, it was through our disguises that Newton was arrested. I am rather proud of that affair,"

Mr. Clarkson smiled intelligently, and I was waiting in breathless expectation for a thrilling reminiscence, when the door opened to admit the head of the previously-mentioned "myrmidon."

"Mr. Beerholm Tree has sent down about that wig of his for 'A Woman of No Importance,' was the announcement.

And Mr. Clarkson was obliged to make his adieu more abruptly than I could have wished, leaving me in a condition of some bewilderment as to whether it was the wig, or the woman, or matters in general which were of "no importance," or whether in reality they were all very important indeed.

A. L.

THE BURDETT-COUTTS STABLES AT HIGHGATE.

From photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.

When the late Lord Henry Bentinck held a post-mortem examination some years ago on a number of his horses which had died suddenly during the winter, he was amazed to find that they had succumbed to arsenical poisoning. Those were the days of dark traditions, when grooms



EXTERIOR OF THE STABLES.

were as fond of a bolus of their own concoction as ever was Mr. Pinero's Dean. Arsenic to make the coat bright, hot stables to generate rolls of fat, which passed for muscle with the ignorant, dark boxes on the pretence that horses could rest better in them, vile drainage, absolute want of ventilation—these things were preached, and prevailed even among men who had studied horseflesh all their lives.

It is in comparatively recent times only that we have changed our system; and have brought common-sense and science to assist us in our stables. Such men as the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Portland, Mr. William Day, and half a score more whose names come readily to the memory, have been in the forefront as preachers of reform, and have reaped a rich harvest in the new reign of common-sense and of scientific development. We have learnt that a horse does not thrive and grow strong on nauseous odours; that nature did not mean him to stand

Much that is best in all reform of this sort is at the present moment to be seen in the Burdett-Coutts stables at Highgate. It is no exaggeration to say that these, in their own way, embody every sound principle of improvement which has been enunciated during the last ten years. The stable is a small one, yet exceedingly perfect, and it should be visited by every man who is thinking of building for himself. The first thing that strikes the visitor about it is the admirable provision of windows. The whole building abounds in them—no pigmy affairs of foot-square panes, but large apertures, fitted with fine glass, readily opened. A stable thus



INSIDE THE STABLES.

provided must satisfy the first requirement of the reformer. It must be light. And the promise which is given without by the neat brick and the pretty style is in no way lacking in performance within. Here we find twelve stalls, two loose-boxes, and one convertible loose-box. This latter is a capital contrivance, having a swing division and a movable rocket-post, so that it can be used either as a loose-box or as two stalls. It is fitted, as are the stalls and other divisions, with an upper panelling of strong wrought-iron ventilating grating, the lower parts being boarded with pitch pine. The doors are panelled in the same way, but their frames are of iron, and they are provided with improved hangings, and patent flush slam-latches, almost indispensable to a modern stable. What one may call the safety provision is seen again in the large safety fronts to the mangers, these entirely preventing cribbing, that irritating habit which has spoiled the wind



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

with his fore legs some inches higher than his hind legs; that he does not like dark; that he cannot do without a plentiful supply of fresh air; that such faults as cribbing and rolling are to be prevented. We have built our stables accordingly, with plenty of windows and ample ventilation, with level flooring and safety mangers, sometimes even, as in the Badminton, with water-troughs, and mechanical contrivances of much cleverness for racks and rails. And, more than all, we have applied to them exactly those principles of sanitation which prevail in our own houses.



THE STABLE YARD.

of many a good horse, and perplexed so many of the old-time masters. The arrangement for the mangers and the hay-racks is altogether excellent. The pans, which are enamelled and cleanly looking, are neither cramped nor too flat; they are of a reasonable size, and easy to feed from. The hay-racks are of wrought-iron, and the whole manger is boarded up in front to prevent that nasty trick of rolling which is possible in so many ancient stables. A very smart appearance is given to the stalls by the polished brass used for all the headstall and pillar-rein rings, the halter tieings being noiseless and on the approved safety

plan. Indeed, the finish everywhere is most careful, and the semi-glazed vitreous tiles, which are carried over the head of the stalls and the mangers, all round the walls, and even through the passages in a pretty panel, have as cleanly and fresh a look as even Mr. William Day himself might have desired. These, with the pitch-pine linings and the Welsh bricks for the standings, complete as good a set of solid building as one may see in a day's march, or, for the matter of that, in a week's, and are the essence of that cleanliness which is the axiom of the modern breeder.

When we come to those larger questions of ventilation and drainage, we find the Burdett-Coutts' stable not a whit behind the very latest teaching on the subject. The open wrought-iron surface-gutter runs the whole length of the stalls, and drains off into loose iron baskets, which catch any sediment or litter that otherwise might choke the pipes. This method most readily commends itself to those who have given thought to the subject, and while there are many faddists, each with his own notion, it is the method which is usually adopted now, and with every success. For ventilation, apart from the fine current of air which sweeps through the many windows, large syphon shafts have been carried up through the roof of the building, and ensure freshness at all times. Old grooms, no doubt, would open their eyes at the idea of open windows and ample air in hot weather or in cold, but the new stable-builder smiles at them. It is no longer a doctrine that horses need an excess of heat. Nowadays we keep them warm, not by closing our windows and blocking ventilation shafts, but by putting more clothing on them. And this is the plan which is here followed.

There are many other things one would like to notice in the stables and out of them—the excellent paved standings for washing, the ingenious arrangement of barrier bars and cross-chains by which all the stalls can be completely separated at night, so that if a horse broke loose he could not get at his neighbour, the bright-looking gangways paved with adamantine clinkers, and the abundant provision of taps and hose. Suffice it to say that these are in keeping with the rest of the work, and that the whole has been carried out by the St. Pancras Ironwork Company, so far as the tiling, fitting, boarding, paving, and ventilation of the interiors go, in a way which does the company much credit. A more perfect little stable is not often seen, or one which might be more fittingly taken as a model by the man who is setting up a small stud, and does not thirst for acres of building and hundreds of brood mares. This, indeed, is the stable of the accomplished amateur, and as such is quite a gem.

THE CORINTH CANAL.

On Aug. 6 the Isthmus of Corinth was the scene of a brilliant ceremony, for on that day the king of Greece opened the new canal in the presence of the notabilities of his kingdom and the representatives of the principal European powers. Such a satisfactory event, carried out in beautiful weather, was a pleasant preface to King George's summer holiday, which has just commenced. Twenty-five decades of years have passed away since the first proposal to pierce the Isthmus was mooted. Percauder's idea was that it would enable his triremes to appear suddenly and unexpectedly in either the Adriatic or the Saronic Gulf, and thus enable him to take his enemies at a disadvantage. He was afraid, however, to carry out the project, lest the gods should take vengeance on the mortal who, without their leave, had been rash enough to turn a peninsular into an island.

Some three centuries later, Demetrius Poliorcetes revived the idea of a canal, but dreaded to give effect to it lest the inroad of the waters of the Corinthian Gulf should swamp the ports of the Isthmus. Even the Roman conquerors of the world failed to cut this water-way. Nero took up the proposal with much vigour, and turned the first sod of the canal with his own hands. The work was in full swing, when it was suddenly stopped by the news of the rebellion that had broken out in Gaul. Herodes Atticus was no more successful than his predecessors.

Henceforward, the idea slumbered for several centuries, but woke again in the minds of engineers when the Suez Canal was opened. In 1868 the Greek Government stood sponsor to the undertaking, and ordered a preliminary survey to be made. The Greek Treasury, however, was unable to authorise the necessary outlay. It was not until 1881 that things began to look business-like. In that year a Hungarian general named Thürr obtained a concession for cutting the canal from the Greek Government, which concession he sold subsequently to a French company. The work was commenced in 1882, and was inaugurated by King George of Greece. Seven years later, however, it came to a sudden standstill. This was followed by a financial crisis, and in 1890 the company was dissolved. A new company was formed almost immediately, and the work of cutting the canal—which has now been brought to a satisfactory conclusion—was recommenced.

The Isthmus of Corinth in its narrowest part is about four miles across. The ground is undulating, and rises in some parts to a height of 60 ft. above the sea-level. It is chiefly covered with brushwood and stunted pines. The soil is composed of sand and marl, with, here and there, superincumbent layers of conglomerates and limestone. The canal is 90 ft. wide and 24 ft. deep, and will save vessels passing from the Adriatic to the Piræus and *vice versa* the long steam of 200 miles round the Morea.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Joseph Cannon lost a good patron by the death of "Mr. Abington" although he is likely to soon have plenty of horses under his care, as he trains jumpers as well as flat racers. Like Jewitt and Marsh, he was formerly a cross-country rider, and knows the Grand National country well. Undoubtedly the best horse Cannon ever had under his charge was Meddler, and it was a cruel bit of luck for the trainer that the colt was disqualified for the classic races in which he could not well have lost, as, in my opinion, he was far superior as a two-year-old to Isinglass. Joe Cannon is very fortunate in making rogues run straight. He worked wonders with William the Silent, and more recently with Red Eyes, who was at one time such a thorough jade that Sir C. Hartopp presented him to J. Cannon's son, who, by-the-bye, is just now shaping well as a jockey. Joe Cannon's principal patron at the present moment is "Mr. Ellis," an assumed name which, as the merest tyro connected with racing knows, hides the identity of Mr. Charles Morbey.



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. JOE CANNON.

During the last few years of Mr. Abington's life, Mr. Morbey officiated as manager of the Squire's racing stud, and it is an open secret that he acted on his own responsibility in making entries and striking horses out of their engagements. Mr. Morbey, though long past his prime, still takes a very active interest in the training of his horses, and may often be seen riding them at exercise. A decade ago Mr. Morbey was in the front rank of professional riders.

P. Chaloner, who is the coming light-weight jockey, is the youngest representative of a particularly horsey family, and the lad needs no further incentive to emulation than that afforded by members of his own clan, for the subject of my sketch is related to no less an artist of the pigskin than John Osborne. With one brother a trainer of repute, and others well known as riders of important winners, the smallest member of the family, who started the season by getting kicked at Lincoln, required little introduction when the time came for him to make an appearance in the saddle, and he need fear no lack of mounts so long as his weight enables him to ride the animals for whom Major Egerton has but a poor opinion. It is probable that Sir Blundell Maple will retain the services of P. Chaloner for 1894.

By the elimination of Raeburn from the Doncaster St. Leger, the path to victory is made somewhat smoother for Isinglass. The Duke of Portland has—with the solitary exception of the Oaks—met with but poor luck this season in big stakes, and his winnings at the end of November will be ridiculously small as compared with the figures of the past five years. In 1888 his Grace's horses won £26,811 10s.; in 1889, £73,858 10s.; in 1890, £25,203; in 1891, £5028 8s.; in 1892, £7338.

Although Lord Rosebery continues to be besieged with letters suggesting a name for his colt by Hampton—Illuminata, it can be taken for granted that the youngster will not be christened until after Doncaster, where he is due to run in the Champagne Stakes. This race will be one of the attractions of the meeting, and should the unbeaten son of Hampton come through the ordeal satisfactorily, he will settle down into a strong winter favourite for the Derby.

Colonel North is immensely pleased with the numerous victories achieved by his horses of late, and no notice need be taken of the report that the Nitrate King had hinted of retiring from the Turf. The Colonel can claim to be the only owner at the present day running horses in three countries. In addition to his numerous stud at Newmarket he has horses carrying his colours in America and in Belgium.

The question of providing music for the entertainment of visitors to racecourses is one which clerks of the various courses should seriously consider. At Kempton and Sandown Parks a band is always to be found, but at the majority of metropolitan gatherings the only music (?) to be heard is the shouts of the pencillers. The Gosforth Park and Manchester executives engage a band and the programme is printed on the card.

Early in the season Tom Cannon was confident of appearing in the saddle a few times this year; but I believe he has now abandoned the idea of bewitching the world with his horsemanship so far as 1893 is concerned. During the winter he managed to follow the hounds on several occasions, and nothing gives him more delight now than to ride at exercise in company with Morny Cannon.



ON THE STILE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



QUÊTEUR.—J. FRAPPA.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

Rumour has been very busy of late with the names of possible future directors of the National Gallery, and it has been said almost with certainty that the post will be offered to Mr. Poynter, R.A. The *Athenæum*, usually well informed on such matters, discusses this appointment as a matter of course, and agrees that it is thoroughly welcome, since the successes of the recent directors of national galleries seem due to the technical accomplishments of the gentlemen who have borne that distinguished office. In discussing the past few years, therefore, it roundly declares that, whereas no less than eleven hundred and eighty paintings have under its last four directors been added to the national collection, not more than two mistakes (one of which remains questionable as such) have occurred in procuring or accepting desirable acquisitions. We have not exact dates before us, but we imagine that it was during this period—nay, we are sure—that the British rooms have practically been filled; and, as there are more than two rooms, certainly more than two mistakes have been made. For we will do the *Athenæum* the charity of supposing that it meant rooms, not pictures.

On the other hand, the *Pall Mall*, which also accepts the rumour, is very gloomy about the appointment, not giving exact reasons so much as deploring Mr. Poynter as not—not being quite the right man in the right place. And here comes "Atlas," of the *World*, declaring that all announcements of appointment are absolutely premature, and that there is no truth whatever in the assertion that the post has been "informally offered" to Mr. Poynter. Going on a precisely contrary line of argument to that of the *Athenæum*, it argues that the practice on the Continent of entrusting the direction of public galleries to practical artists has long been abandoned as a failure. In Paris the Louvre is under the management of M. Lafenestre, whose predecessor was the Vicomte de Tanza. M. Bénédict directs the Luxembourg, and, in a word, it is far likelier that a gallery should be well directed by a really accomplished connoisseur than by a practical artist with a leaning to a particular kind of technique, which he himself patronises in his own work, with which argument we very cordially agree.



REPROVED.—HENRY TERRY.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE: CLUB DE PANNES.—A. DAGNAUX.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



THE DESERT.—A. N. ROUSSOFF.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148, New Bond Street, W.

The New Gallery, despising the signs of the times, is determined to patronise Italy rather than Holland, and accordingly next winter the exhibition will be devoted to the illustration of Italian mediæval and early Renaissance art. There is a great deal to be said in favour of such a scheme. Mediæval Italy is the most interesting country in the world, its art might sometimes be a little askew, but it was certainly often very beautiful. It was a light, fairylike kind of art, full of pretty minuteness rather than of dim religious grandeur, although it was to religious subjects that its artists almost invariably had recourse.

It is impossible to meditate upon mediæval Italian art without recalling the strange superstition that envelopes one of the most distinguished of its artists, Fra Angelico. The very name suffices often to throw certain types of the enthusiast into fits of joy and rapture. George Eliot herself, little inclined to predetermined admirations, appears to have been a slave to this particular superstition. She writes of Fra Angelico's angels with their "reverent eyes," and in "Romola" there is one passage of quite remarkable enthusiasm. Yet, after all, what are the precise merits which call out enthusiasm so ardent? We may allow, perhaps, that they can scarcely be dismissed within the limits of a paragraph, yet they are obviously of so characteristic and personal a kind—the art of the jeweller shall we say, rather than that of the painter—that it is impossible to rank that agreeable artist in the place where certain of his admirers insist upon stationing him



ALL HANDS ON THE DRAG ROPES (AN ARTILLERY TRAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA, ZULU WAR, 1879).—HARRY PAYNE.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



WINDSOR CASTLE, MAY 1893.—WALTER SEVERN.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

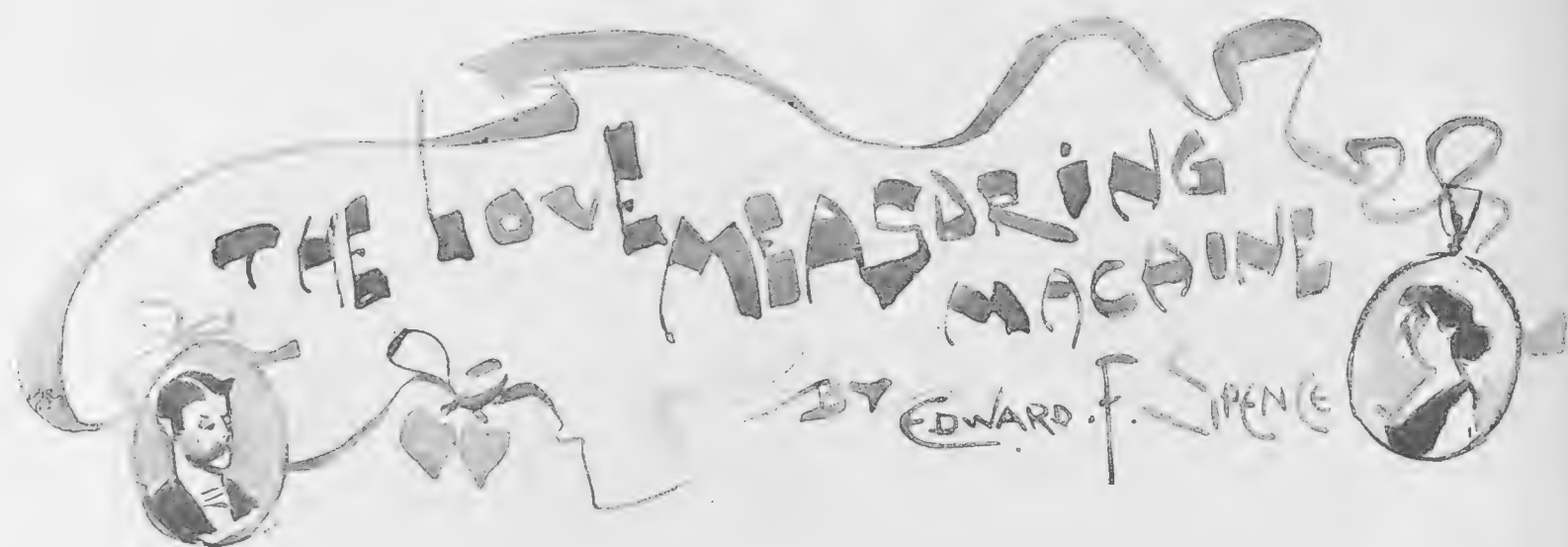
Now, in holiday time, when the very tides of artistic excitement seem dead, it is very pleasant to renew one's acquaintance with artistic affections that have been overlaid by modernity. Just now, when the English summer makes all England so beautiful, one may perhaps indulge a patriotic sentiment with advantage in a study of the great Constables that hang in Trafalgar Square. Every visit to Richmond, for example, only emphasises the beauty of that view which the great painter set upon canvas. Down the long slopes of the hill, fat and abundant with the wealth of English park scenery, away among the shining spaces and distances of the river and fields, and far on to the dim blue of the Surrey hills, the eye travels on a summer's day and recognises how marvellously the effect has been unified in the picture, painted as it is no less with exquisite beauty than with exquisite truth. For this is the time of the year, one might almost say, that our Constable appears to have loved the most; and, therefore, it is both refreshing and profitable to renew one's acquaintance with him at this time. The quiet restfulness of watching the ever-changing disposition of light upon the trees, and on green lawns edged with a white ribbon of water, appealed to him as it does to us in this holiday season.

It is after such an enjoyment unstintingly gratified that one feels the contrast all the more strangely that one always feels in exchanging the British room for the early Italian room, and in wandering among that art of Botticelli which Mr. Coventry Patmore has recently been covering with his unusual praise. And great as that heart may be, despite a certain bloodlessness, one is scarcely altogether inclined to rate it quite at Mr. Patmore's standard. One is even not altogether convinced that the Venus is so utterly wanting in lascivious qualities as Mr. Patmore would apparently have us believe. It is easy enough and cheap enough to convict such a belief of all manner of evil signs, but one might just as well be honest in making the confession. But we pause on the threshold of that controversy which Mr. Patmore so boldly enters with his no uncertain—and rather untrue—assertion, "bad morality is bad art."



UN "MARCHIEF"; DRAGONS RUSSES.—J. PRANISINKOFF.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



There were tears in the eyes of John Tonson. Strange visitors! For the little man came so rarely in touch with human life, unless it be admitted that his despotic housekeeper was human, that the joys and sorrows of his fellow-creatures were almost unknown to him. He was sitting in his arm-chair, his small eyes, that were generally screwed up, quite hidden by the kindly drops; his large mouth was twitching, his short, bulbous nose ridged up, while his wide, high forehead went through a series of corrugating frowns like a pond on a breezy day. Opposite to him sat a young girl, also crying—a girl with no more beauty than comes from youth, a good heart, and not extravagantly ill-shaped features—a kind of staple-diet girl, unlikely to attract a connoisseur.

"It was his fault, uncle; he thought he loved me, and it's my fault that, having such a start, I did not make him love me."

"Confound the fellow!"

"He said, you know, dear uncle, that he really thought he loved me—that he thought so till he found he did not think of me unless he tried to, and then he knew he was wrong. He said he would marry me all the same if I wish, and I shall never love anyone else, and, of course, I can't marry him."

"The fellow ought to have known his feelings before he proposed—a gentleman would."

"You've no right to say he's not a gentleman, and you sha'n't. How could he tell? How can one know without testing? Oh! you men of science are so silly!" As she spoke she got up hastily, knocking down with her skirt the elaborate model of an apparatus for transmitting photographs by electricity. "How could he know? What's the use of all your machines? Do you think they make people happier? How could he know? Why don't you—why don't you make a machine, invent something for finding out whether people are in love? That would be worth doing: that would prevent all these sort of things. But it's just like you, go inventing things that don't make anyone wiser, or happier, or better, and never think of important matters. I don't believe you ever were in love."

She was wrong; the quaintly plain, middle-aged bachelor had not escaped the common lot of man. His secret was hidden deep in his bosom, nor will it ever be fully disclosed, for no one would care to read the old, old tale of a simple, unworldly creature, the treasures of whose heart had been lightly tossed aside by a foolish girl, who had made a "good match" with someone else, and afterwards found that the wealth she sought had turned to withered leaves like fairy gold.

That night John Tonson sat up late, late even for him, but his unfinished apparatus for creating darkness—not by excluding but by actually negating light—failed to occupy his thoughts. Time after time he walked up and down the crowded, untidy laboratory, asking himself, "Can love be measured—is an erotometer possible?" Visions crossed his mind of a machine which would revolutionise the world—which would make marriage a real union of hearts, and reduce the operation of the Divorce Court to a mere physical test.

"What is love?" was the question which the simple *savant* then set himself to answer. For months the laboratory was deserted, and he passed his time at the British Museum consulting novelists and poets, for he deemed them to be experts in the matter. What is the use of a display of dictionary learning, of naming the rare books that he read as well as the common ones? Why should one copy out lists of ill and well known authors? Why not pass them by and say frankly that he read diligently, and that the knowledge he gained was in almost inverse proportion to his labours? However, one book must be named, since it influenced him greatly. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in its strange, horrible chapters on "Love Melancholy," set him on the track of a theory which has little novelty and indisputable truth. Love is a disease, and has bodily as well as mental symptoms. Adopting this as a working theory, he began to experiment. To describe his futile experiments would be foolish. In the one direction where hope lay—the dissection of those who have

committed suicide through love—few as were his chances, he made an important discovery. There is a love bacillus. One catches love as one catches the influenza, and one gets over the attack, too; but in proportion to its severity is the importance of the sequelæ. Those who catch it badly never get over the effects—so much the better for them—sometimes. Of the question of receptivity of subject and object, this is hardly the place for discussion, but it may be mentioned that he sent a scientific paper on the subject to the *Lancet*, which, no doubt, will be published in due course.

Having arrived at this stage, it was not long before John Tonson had worked out the question. No doubt it is needless to tell the present learned generation how the breath acts as a kind of scavenger, but our dear parents, of course, are quite ignorant of physiology, so a few words of explanation must be given to them. We will extract a passage from a novel, lately published, called "A Freak of Fate," of which we have a very flattering opinion—

"The brilliant red blood starts from the heart-laden with life-bestowing oxygen. As it passes in the arteries through the body, the



Time after time he walked up and down the crowded, untidy laboratory.

oxygen is separated from the blood and detained, while carbonic acid gas and other matter (products of a supposititious combustion) take its place. At last the impoverished, darkened poisoned blood (for carbonic acid gas is a poison) enters the venous system and is carried round to the lungs.



At last Mr. Hennet advanced, pushed on by his wife.

Then the air drawn into the lungs exchanges part of its oxygen for the carbonic acid gas and other deleterious matter collected in the arteries, and the blood, purified, invigorated, and restored to its brilliant ruddy hue, sets off again on its vital mission."

From this it can be seen that the air breathed forth not only carries with it the carbonic acid gas, but also the bacilli destroyed in the arterial combustions. Consequently, an analysis of the breath will show the nature of the bacillus, and the quantity of dead bacilli will indicate the intensity of the disease. Tonson, after a long series of experiments, found that a diaphragm of fine gold-beater's skin dipped in orthrophoito-sycho-phanto-diko-talaeoporotic acid is very sensitive to the "bacillus amoris," the contact causing heat. From this to the construction of a machine was a mere matter of ingenuity.

One or two difficulties he had to contend with. When the breath is affected with tobacco, its action on the skin diaphragm is to a great extent neutralised, while onions and peppermint quite destroy it; on the other hand, it is greatly intensified by wine, spirits, and scent. These difficulties he overcame by certain reactives—carbolic acid for the one class and carbonate of soda for the other.

At last the machine was perfect. Its action was very simple. You repeated silently the phrase, "I love Amanda," or "Jane," as the case might be, thirty times, thinking intensely of the person all the time, and slapping the chest (this was to cause increased heart action or arterial combustion), then you put a penny in a slot (merely to remove a shutter and benefit the inventor—French pennies would answer) and whispered "I love Amanda," or "Jane," into a funnel. The heat generated in the skin diaphragm by the dead bacilli was indicated by a thermometer, and, of course, the quantity of heat showed the intensity of the passion.

When he had finished the machine, it became necessary to fix a standard and graduate the thermometer as to zero, proposal heat, &c. For this purpose Mr. Tonson called his friends to a private view. None of them stayed away.

The apparatus was quaintly fashioned like the torso of a huge Cupid; in the left hand was a quiver, with the thermometer attached to it, and the right held the funnel, which was shaped like a post-horn, to the mouth of the figure. The inventor harangued the people for nearly an hour, though none of them understood much of his discourse, and then requested those who were married, engaged or wished to be, to come forward and "try their love," so that he might have some materials for his scale. There was not a rush.

At last Mr. Hennet advanced, pushed on by his wife. The crowd was very anxious to see the result, as he was well known to be sadly henpecked. The poor little man seemed nervous, and made many

blunders, but finally set the machine going, and it registered 50 deg. Then everyone called out that the wife must try. She refused; but the people hemmed her in and bullied her. To our surprise, her vexation, and her husband's joy, the machine registered 67 deg. She stood still, blushing the colour of a pillar-box, and the feathers in her hat trembled violently. Little Mr. Hennet, with something like a swagger, seized her arm and called out gaily, "Who'd 'a thought it, Mariar? Come along, and I'll buy you a new suit of clothes." The machine had caused a revolution in the Hennet household.

After this, couple after couple came forward, and many were the surprises. The Brown-Browns, who quarrel night and day, averaged 60 deg., while the Whiffs, who always "My dear" one another in public, only reached 50 deg. between them. However, only one case need be specified.

Mr. Langley and his *fiancée*, Miss Jane Prawl, were the last: this was evidently due to his reluctance. Small wonder was it, for: Langley was a handsome, old-young man who had been "going it" till his fortune went, and then, after an eventful heiress-hunting, had lighted upon Jane. She, the heiress of a local builder, was worth a great deal more than her weight (twelve stone three) in gold; but she was ugly enough to have a suspicion of the fact and more of a hen than chicken. Her wealth had attracted numerous suitors; however, she had been shrewd enough to gauge their affection truly. Langley, whose state was desperate, had attacked her brilliantly. Instead of protesting a sincere affection, he had boldly avowed that he was after her money, and that he was fearfully hard up. A small syndicate of big creditors financed him and enabled him to cut

a figure that belied his protested poverty. Miss Prawl, bewildered by his curious assault, fascinated by his style—which was vastly superior to that of anyone else in Tooting—and confident that his statement as



Jane was ugly enough to have a suspicion of the fact.

to his financial position was false, had come to the conclusion that his cupidity (with a small "c") was also a pretence. So she accepted him, yet, with perverse caution, kept postponing the fatal day. Funds were running short, the syndicate had grown furious, and Langley seemed lost. The erotometer appeared likely to complete his ruin; therefore it is easy to understand his reluctance. However, Miss Jane declared that his refusal would be a *casus belli*. Mr. Tonson, whose soul



Langley arrived at the fatal machine and gazed at it ruefully.

shuddered at the idea of such wicked manœuvres, looked as much like a Mephistopheles as is possible for a stout, short man with a round face and bulbous nose.

Langley, with the air of a debtor in a County Court on a judgment summons, arrived at the fatal machine and gazed at it ruefully.

Mr. Tonson remarked to his niece, "Now for our zero."

The heiress-hunter fumbled in one pocket after another for a penny.

"Has it come to such a state as that?" whispered the inventor, and then said aloud, "Can I lend you a penny?"

"Thanks," replied Langley, languidly, "if you can't change me a tenner."

Mr. Tonson handed him a penny, and as he took it a smile came over the face of the old-young man, a mysterious, malignant smile.

Then he put it in the slot, worked his arms, bent forward, and, to our stupefaction, the thermometer marked 100—15 deg. beyond the highest on record!

A cry burst from our lips—Miss Prawl turned white and red almost simultaneously, then flung her arms round his neck, and said audibly, "I knew it, my darling David; we'll be married next week."

After this the *séance* closed, and Tonson was left working out figures in a state of bewilderment.

Next day Langley called, and said he wished to have a machine made for him at once. Miss Prawl would pay any price for it.

"Very well," said Mr. Tonson, "you can have one in a fortnight. It will cost £50, but——"

"But?"

"But I can't understand it—the machine's all right."

"But the man isn't?" said Langley. "Mr. Tonson," he continued, "you have done me a great service; in return, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise to keep it."

"I promise," replied the inventor; but his servant, who overheard the secret, made no promise.

"Well, can't you guess the trick? How stupid you men of genius are! I didn't whisper *Jane's* name into the machine."

"What!"

"No, I whispered, 'I love Clara.'"

"But—who is Clara?"

"Never you mind; she certainly isn't Jane!"

So Langley married the heiress and spent her money infamously, probably on Clara. Mr. Tonson was heartbroken, and smashed up the machine, vowing never to make another.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*A Royal
Elk Hunt.*

I have just heard from Sweden that early next month the German Emperor will be King Oscar's guest for a grand elk hunt, in pursuance of a scheme arranged for last year, but postponed owing to the cholera at Hamburg. These hunts are, in their way, rather remarkable, as I can testify. They are not hunts at all in the strict sense of the word. They are really elk "skalls," or drives. They take place in the Hunneberg Mountains, within sight of Trollhättan, on the Gotha River. Here King Oscar has his private forest, which contains, perhaps, some three hundred elks. Elk hunting in Sweden is, by statute law, limited to the first seventeen days of September. But it is the King's especial prerogative to be able to shoot until, I think, the 28th.

*How it is
Managed.*

Anyone who is familiar with the principle of grouse or partridge driving can readily understand how this elk shooting is done. The elk are living on a range of mountains from which there are really but three main passes. These passes are lined by the guns, posted with their loaders at stated intervals. The proceedings are managed by the royal huntsmen, and the whole is in charge of the royal huntsman-in-chief. The elk are brought to the guns by a double line of beaters. Very gradually and carefully the large mountain tract is worked, till the elk are by slow degrees narrowed down to one of the passes, and then the shooting begins. Now it might well be supposed that nothing was simpler than to kill every elk under these circumstances; for there they are, crowded together, more or less like a flock of sheep. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so.

*Reasons for
This.*

In the first place, every sportsman will at once admit that the very fact of numbers is in itself a disadvantage. Many a man, for example, who is a good shot at a single snipe, or can kill his couple easily enough right and left, is so completely nonplussed when they rise in a wisp of many together, that he misses clean with both barrels. And so with the elk. When to shoot and how to take them—that is the crux, as many a sportsman has found in the Hunneberg to his cost. And, again, it is one thing to pink a big animal neatly behind the shoulder—an animal that you have quietly stalked, an animal that is not frightened, or that, only suspicious, stands still to give you a steady shot—and it is quite another to pick out a particular individual from a driven herd of scared and hurrying beasts. I do not say that they are always hurrying. The object is, of course, to bring them to the guns as quietly as possible. But, still, there is no getting over the fact that here is a creature flying from some alarm behind it, *meeting the gun* in a state of fear. And, finally, in addition to the excitement and the trial of nerves, there is the beater difficulty. There, behind the elk, are the beaters. Miss your elk and you may kill, and easily kill, a beater. So, you see, putting all together, a royal hunt in the Hunneberg is not such a simplified affair as it might appear at first sight. And so it is pleasing to be able to add this: last year a certain royal huntsman, in talking to me of the Hunneberg shooting, wound up his remarks by saying, with unfeigned enthusiasm, "And the best shot of all our European princes is your Prince of Wales."

*The Use of the
Lasso.*

It is commonly held that the onager, or Asiatic wild ass, is so fleet of foot that there is no instance of it having been ridden down by a single horseman, or, indeed, of its having been ridden down at all. But a correspondent of the *Field*, in a very interesting letter, describes how his Highness the Thakor of Morvi has often ridden them down with the help of two of his riding boys. He, indeed, relates how, on one occasion, when the Thakor Sahib became separated from his boys, he himself sticking to his quarry, succeeded in riding it down without help and without change of mount. The description has made me feel again for the moment some touch of an old interest in using the lasso or lariat. Have any of my readers tried, I wonder? If not, I venture to recommend it as a pleasant and exciting pastime for the holidays. They can easily make a lasso, and practise its use on steers, donkeys, horses, or what not. There is not the smallest danger in the open fields of hurting the objective. For the lasso can always be relinquished if necessary. But I cannot venture to say there is no danger to oneself. I remember as if it was yesterday my first try at the game. It was in the Pembina Valley, Manitoba. I tried it on a runaway steer, but I only succeeded in winding up myself and my broncho in a snake-like coil of hide, while the steer went gaily on. But, for all that, I can recommend it to my younger friends who want a little quiet excitement. It is well worth trying.

His Highness Jakhtsingji, Maharajah of Bhavnagar and suite has arrived in Paris, and is staying at the Hôtel Maurice. The French people take very kindly to Indian princes, especially when they are smothered in diamonds. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, however, was not only popular for his display of jewellery, which is reported to have made the Rue de la Paix *bijoutiers* sick with envy, but for his courtesy of manner and general niceness. He attended many parties given in his honour, especially those of the handsome Princess de Chimay, to whom, it is said, the Maharajah quite lost his heart.



MISS CLARA JECKS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. MARTIN AND SALLNOW, STRAND, W.C.

A WOMAN OF PARTS.

A CHAT WITH MISS CLARA JECKS.

It tries even the credulity of a *Sketch* interviewer to believe that the trim-looking young lady, who smilingly does the honours of her father's cosy rooms in the Strand, can already have played over 170 parts, though the fact is made more easy of belief when Miss Jecks herself informs you



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MISS CLARA JECKS.

of the fact that she made her début at the tender age of two, in a benefit of her mother's, Mrs. Jecks, so long and honourably known in the profession as Miss Harriet Coveney.

At first sight there is very little of the actress about Miss Clara Jecks; it is not till she begins to talk of her art and discusses its limitless opportunities, that you suddenly realise that she indeed possesses far more of the "divine fire" than is generally bestowed on latter-day comedienues.

"Of course I may be almost said to have been 'born in the buskin,'" she explained, in answer to a question, "for my father was for many years the business manager of the Messrs. Gatti, now at the Adelphi, and my mother was always devoted to her profession; I was an only child, and therefore much thrown on my own resources for amusement, and I need hardly say that I was never so happy as when playing at being an actress; but my real talents were supposed to lie in the musical direction, and my parents actually destined me for the concert-room. But it was all of no use, I was evidently born an actress, and so they gave way, and I was allowed to join the Drury Lane company, and played my first part, the Genie of the Lamp, in 'Aladdin.'"

"But it is with the Adelphi that your name is indissolubly connected in the minds of the public, Miss Jecks."

"Yes, indeed—the dear old Adelphi. I quite feel as if it were home. But you must not think by that that I have not acted in a great many other theatres. I was three years at Drury Lane, and am now actually a member of the highest class of the Drury Lane fund. My first great success at the Adelphi was acting the rôle of Lord Eden in a play called 'Formosa.' Mr. Chatterton, the then manager, was so pleased with the notices I got that he doubled my salary from the second night; but if I were to give you an account of every part I have played our chat would last a long time, for, although I consider myself really a *soubrette*, I have played almost every kind of rôle, even to being for some time Miss Farran's understudy at the Gaiety, and, later, I replaced her for some time."

"But I believe that it is as an exponent of boys' parts that you have made your greatest hits?"

Miss Jecks nodded her head. "You see I am never so really happy as when acting a lad. One can make a really good character part of a rôle such as that of the middy in 'The Middy Ashore,' or Joseph in Reade's 'Never Too Late to Mend.'"

"And do you find your acting affected by a very long run?"

"I have naturally taken part in some of the longest runs on record. I cannot say that I like them, it is impossible to act as well after you have taken part in the same piece for a couple of hundred times or so. On the very rare occasions when I have forgotten my words—a most ghastly experience, by-the-way—it has not been at the beginning, but at the end, of a run, but there seems no help for it, for you cannot expect a manager to take a successful play off the bill so long as it means full houses night after night, and matinée after matinée."

"I have heard that you are a great dancer?"

"When still a child I was taught every branch of dancing," she replied. "I mean according to the regular old school. The person who taught me my steps was a champion dancer of the Christy Minstrels, and I can tell you I went through a very real training. The dancers of to-day, with their long swaying skirts, do not know what it would have been to be taught by a master who has a name for every step, and who thought nothing of making his pupils practice hours in order to obtain a correct movement."

"By the way, Miss Jecks, are you one of those who would like to see the Conservatoire system in England?"

"Certainly," she replied emphatically, "I feel very strongly on this subject, as do indeed, I think, most thoughtful members of my profession. Some one, I forget who, said that no actress could play Juliet properly till she had grown forty years older than the part, and most of us will admit that there is some truth in the saying: no genius, no talent can make up for lack of experience and proper tuition. For one thing, every actress should be taught how to handle her audiences; every day I learn a little more, but a great deal of what I have learnt through cruel experience might have been taught me years ago could I have attended a Conservatoire class. I hope yet to see the Continental system established in England, for it would be a great advantage to all our young would-be actors and actresses who now have to trust to luck or chance to getting the actual stage experience without which they cannot obtain really good engagements."

"I suppose you have never yet had time to go to America?"

"Well, though I have received many good offers, I prefer to remain in London, where I am at home with my audiences. You should see what funny letters I sometimes get from little boys in front, who can hardly believe I'm not one of themselves."



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MISS CLARA JECKS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



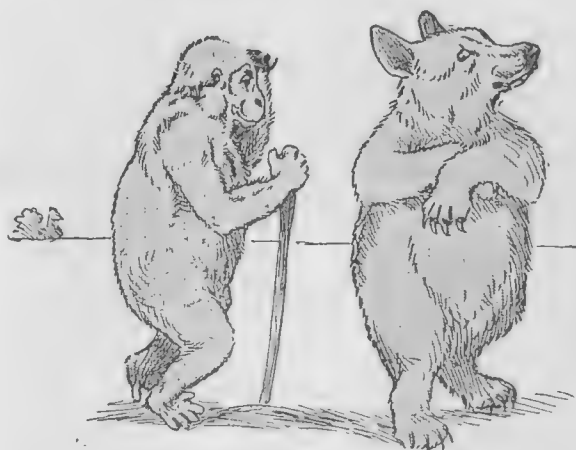
A BREEZE.



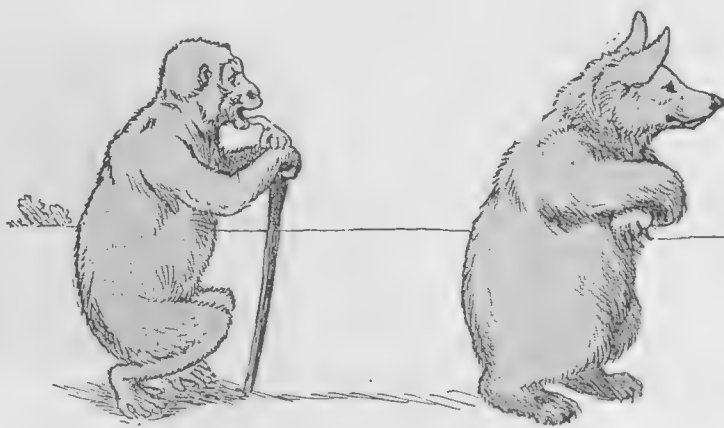
A DINNER CLOSE AT HAND.



"Talk about the cholera, it all comes from the water people drink; now I have not touched a drop of water for thirty years, and have enjoyed absolute immunity from cholera!"



1. Brown Bear soliloquised thusly: "Who is that makeshift-looking thing that dares to salute me?"



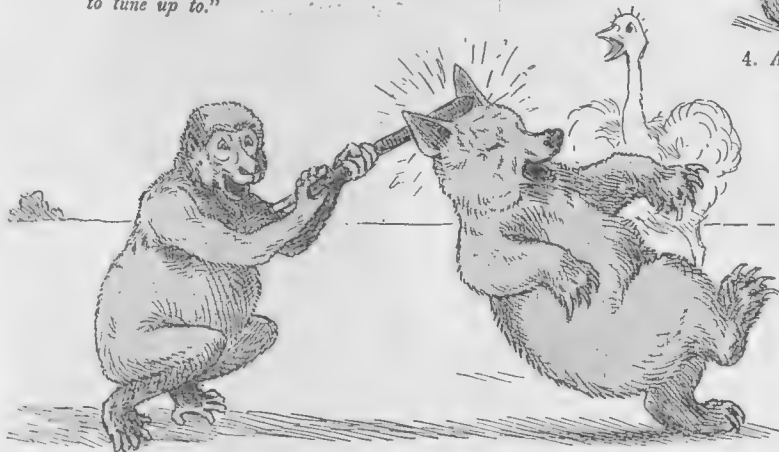
2. "Well," said Gorilla, "pride may live in mighty high mountains, but it's got to come down to the level of this child's plane."



3. "Why, there he is, making up to Ostrich, and there's no black or white man within hundreds of miles for me to tune up to."



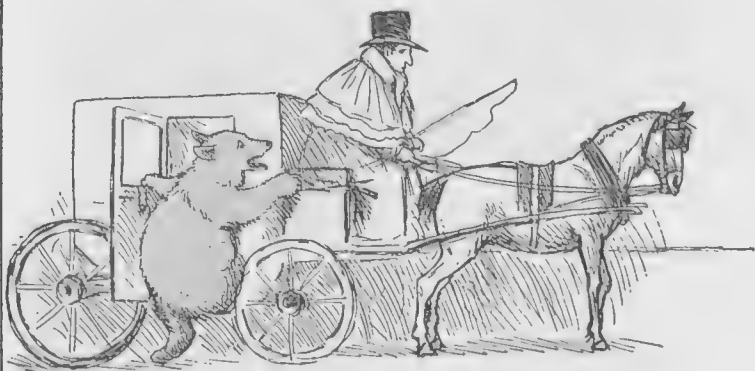
4. And Gorilla, he heard Brown Bear tell most awful crammers about the way he had sauced him. And then Ostrich caught sight of Gorilla, and he let Brown Bear into the secret of evolution, and warned him of the fact that Gorilla kept a language which he let out on hire to the humans.



5. Gorilla said, "Yes; and that is the A B C of another language, which claims some affinity to that thick skull of yours."



6. "Now," said Gorilla, "I've put some phrenology into your skull. You go and call yourself a swell member, remembering the while that you were evolved out of a worm, very much lower down in the scale of existence than me."



7. Brown Bear, recognising that he was something of a job lot, asked an antediluvian Cabby to place him where he might commune alone with Nature.



8. Then Cabby imagined that he had given him a good five minutes to reckon up his accounts before he would strike the balance of circumstances.

9. N.B.—No fall is too great for the pride that climbs mountains. (Moral and platitude combined.)



HIGHLANDER (to parrot who has been using bad language): "If ye was a man, or if ye was a human being,
I wad pu' the wings off ye, but ye're naithing but an auld green crow."

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS. BY W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

In most books about driving and coaching I have been struck by the melancholy fact that the greatest enthusiasm for the "ribbons" rarely produces a readable chronicle. To drive through England in a dog cart, amassing commonplaces by the way, is not a sufficient

He observes a decent respect for his coaching anecdotes, blows the horn lustily at intervals, throws in an occasional biography of a famous "whip," summons up many pleasant pictures (with the aid of Mr. Hugh Thomson) of the travellers who faced the weather and the highwaymen on the old coaches, and of the inns and great houses and quaint architectural nooks which they saw on the journey, and which are presented to us by the pencil of Mr. Herbert Railton. In Mr. Thomson's drawings Boniface is always portly (a thin landlord, I suppose, was never known in those times), and the ostler is always facetious, and Phoebe, the housemaid, is always clean and comely, and the rubicund paterfamilias is always accompanied by two charming daughters, twin cherries on one stem, and the gallants are always picturesque—even the "young 'un" who has his reputation to make as a crack "whip" on the road is as picturesque as any cavalier in the play—and the yokels who pause in their work to stare after the coach have all had a comfortable allowance of beer and bacon. It is on the Bath Road that Mr. Tristram is happiest: As he approaches the meridian of coaching glories, on the Brighton Road in the Regency days, he shows a proper distaste for his company, the bucks who drove out in the early morning to a prize



JUDGE JEFFREYS' LODGINGS, DORCHESTER.

qualification even for the humblest bookmaking. To reverse the celebrated injunction of Ducrow to the playwright who was engaged on an equestrian drama, you must frequently "cut the 'osses and come to the cackle" if you are to carry your readers along with you. Mr. Tristram performs this feat with grace and dexterity. The book is published by Messrs. Macmillan, who kindly permit the reproduction of some illustrations.



LITTLECOTE HALL.

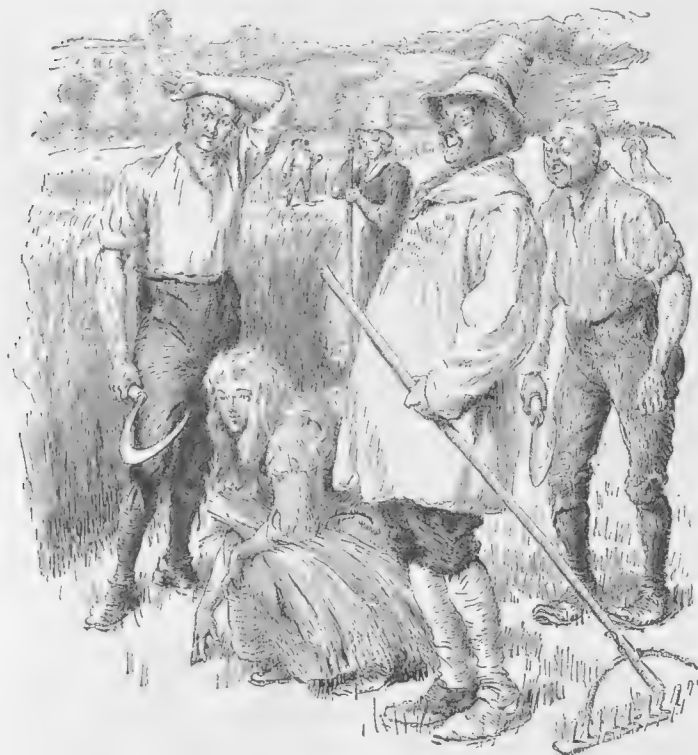


A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

fight, and the "first gentleman in Europe," who patronised that and even worse entertainments, and who received from an honest countryman the terse impeachment, full in the face through the coach window, "You're a murderer!" when the people still remembered Queen Caroline. Not that Mr. Tristram fails to do justice to the speed of the Regency "comets" and "meteors" of the road. The imaginary adventures of the old gentleman who in his youth had been more than a match for the highwayman, and who in his latter years is amazed and discomfited by the reckless driving of the "comet" at twenty miles an hour, are told with great spirit. The romance of travel in this island before the railway, when the road from Hyde Park Corner to Knightsbridge was passable with eight inches of mud, when the masked footpad presented himself at the window near Kensington Gore, when Claude Duval was at home on Hounslow Heath, or when Turpin rode to York, when coaches stuck in snowdrifts or were overturned in ditches, and when history and legend were intertwined before sceptical students tore them from each other's arms—all this romance is so agreeably unfolded by Mr. Tristram that I join the mourners at the funeral of Duval, whose epitaph is a model of enlightened justice, and I cannot contain my indignation at Macaulay's attempt to snatch Turpin from the back of his heroic mare.

On the Bath Road, as I have said, Mr. Tristram finds his best store of fancy and reminiscence. It is a pleasant fantasy that Charles I., who met his children at Maidenhead in 1647, after a long separation, told them

stories, including the improving tale of the Vicar of Bray, who contrived to keep his benefice in four reigns by timely changes of his doctrinal opinions. Only I am afraid that Charles had no sense of humour, and that he would have regarded the excellent Vicar as the subject of a homily on inconstancy of purpose. The Eighth Henry had a much better appreciation of a joke, and Mr. Tristram recounts



THE LUNNON COACH.

the royal jest at the expense of the Abbot with a "queasy" stomach. I believe this story implicitly, also the anecdote of the fair spinster who got a husband by inviting him to a duel and bidding him to take his choice of a wedding or a sword thrust, also the awful crime of the lord of Littlecote Hall, who threw a new-born child into the fire, and was haunted by the supernatural apparition of the infant till he broke his neck. It seems that some antiquarian has doubted this tradition, and even adduced documents to show that "Wild Darrell" was a virtuous and sober gentleman, who devoted himself assiduously to agriculture, and regarded his neighbour's



THE ELEPHANT INN, EXETER.

wife with distant reverence. One of the documents testifies that he drank no more than a pint of claret *per diem*, on which Mr. Tristram makes some just remarks about the reluctance of toppers to enter their drams in the household accounts. In a word, the white-washing of "Wild Darrell" is a dismal failure, and I stand by his iniquity, burnt baby and all. It must be remarked, however, that Mr. Tristram has no natural relish for killing. He does not mind telling the tale of the roasted child without any abatement of its horrors; but on the Portsmouth Road, which he calls the "Road of Assassination," he makes a dignified protest against the details of two murders by smugglers. Enough is told to give a pleasing stimulus to your appetite for what is omitted—that is to say, if your taste has battered on the depraved realism of Zola, which Mr. Tristram cannot abide. He declaims eloquently against the new literary school which deals in psychology, among other intolerable commodities, and makes a degraded generation turn from Scott and Dickens, from "Kenilworth" and "Pickwick," to analysis and other ingredients of the "divinely dull." You may cheerfully believe that Darrell actually stamped upon the frizzling body of his own child; but the realism in Zola, which never surpasses this, ought to inspire you with loathing.

Fact has a quaint habit of wearing its own complexion without any reference to your fancy for cosmetics; but it is a poor world if we cannot revel in historical incidents, however horrible, while we



THE YOUNG 'UN.

repudiate the artist in fiction who paints life as he sees it. For my part, I am all for Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize, and I positively gloat over the capture of Monmouth, "the quaint figure crouching in a ditch, dressed like a shepherd, with a beard of three days' growth, already prematurely grey, the once valiant and graceful son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters," as Mr. Tristram elegantly puts it. Here is a drawing by Mr. Railton of Judge Jeffreys' lodgings at Dorchester, and I think I see his lordship's "ominous grin" at the window, as he thinks of the clergyman who in the assize sermon "enforced the duty of mercy." Not so thrilling is the anecdote of Charles II., who, after Worcester, was recognised by an ostler, but managed to escape in the nick of time. If Charles had been dragged out of a ditch instead of his bastard son, some five and thirty years later, the world would not have been impoverished. But in Mr. Thomson's picture (for which I must refer you to the book) Charles looks picturesque enough, though somewhat ragged, as he catches the ostler's eye. He is standing at the window of the George, an inn on the Bridport quay, and is probably flirting with a wench, though Mr. Thomson discreetly keeps her out of view.

But sadder than the adversity of monarchs, is the fall of the stage-coach heroes who made merry the great highways of the kingdom. Tom Hennesy, who drove the "Stamford Regent" on the York Road, was reduced to "driving a two-horsed 'bus from Huntingdon to Cambridge"! But Tom should have his monument for Mr. Tristram's grateful readers. Many of them will be prompted, I fancy, to visit the old inns, or such as are left, which are mentioned in these sprightly pages, and as they sink to sleep in the beds—still sweet with lavender, I hope—they will dream of Tom and his comrades in the days when coaching had not begun to fade before the "demon steam."

L. F. A.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

How much of the excitement of the London season is merely factitious! How all the storm and stress dies away, now that "Society" has taken its flight to the four winds, only leaving the few tattered rags of gentility that still cling to the House of Very Commons. But yesterday, it seems, the House, raging at its loss of free speech, plunged into a free fight, and the newspapers screamed above the din; now utter stillness reigns, only broken by the murmur of foredoomed amendments on a foredoomed Bill.

If the fight had not come on that night, it would never have come—or if it had taken place now, nobody would have heard of it. It is merely because there was a properly distinguished and numerous body of persons to be interested in the row that so much was made of it. Now, though it is the time known usually as the silly season, Parliament is still wearily sitting, munching the mouldy "remainder biscuit" of report and third reading; but Society and the Press take little account thereof. Our legislators might punch one another into insensibility now, and even their constituents would hardly feel more than a mild satisfaction.

Therefore, there will be no more fighting; and it may be hoped that the bad fashion of calling names outside of speeches will die away, now that we have seen what it leads to. Still, the speech and the epithets that led up to the scuffle have not been wholly in vain. Had it not been for the irritating comparison of Mr. Chamberlain, we should never have known the interesting facts concerning Herod with which we were favoured by the Member for Northampton (there are two, but I understand that the other doesn't count, except on a division). We should never have heard how that versatile monarch, as Herod the Great, put his wife to death in order that, as Herod the Tetrach, pretending to be his own son, he might marry his brother's wife and cut off John the Baptist's head, and finally, in the thin disguise of Herod Agrippa, might make a speech to his slavish flatterers, and repeat his old historic manner of death—disagreeable as it must have been. I am living in hopes that Mr. Labouchère may have occasion some day to refer to St. John. He will doubtless explain that as "John, whose surname was Mark," the Apostle wrote the Second Gospel, which he followed up by the Revelation and another Gospel of a rather different character, and finally was beheaded by that remarkable Cerberus of a Herod for the sake of his dancing step-daughter, or his step-dancing daughter, as set forth more fully by the only Oscar in the manner of the Belgian Shakspeare.

It is obvious that there is a great charm in this method of studying history, whether sacred or profane. You have only to assume that when any two persons existing about the same time have the same name they are identical. Then you need only carefully abstain from verifying your references in order to produce results as interesting as they are original. That this is the true philosophy of history would seem to be clear from its being carried into practice by the guileless schoolboy—the real schoolboy, not Macaulay's—who is unprejudiced by what the arrogant historian imagines to be accurate knowledge. That Thomas and Oliver Cromwell were the same is clear from a well-known piece of history, more amusing than reverent, and there is something to be said for the identification of Cardinal Wolsey with a general of our times. Nay, the schoolboy of the future, happily confounding that which was and that which ought to be, will tell his examiners that the Editor of *Truth* was in the Ministry as President of the Board of Trade half a century ago—that is, if the schoolboy knows anything about the great man in question. But schoolboys are seldom taught anything about the really important events of the past.

There is nothing so portentous in the historical knowledge of boys and girls of the present as their absolute indifference to the centuries. I have known William the Conqueror, in the course of an answer describing his career, leap airily from century to century, beginning in the Eleventh, to which tradition confines him, and turning up anywhere among the subsequent ages. I do not remember anyone who dated him later than the Eighteenth Century, however. But though the last two figures of the dates were, as a rule, correctly given, the century figure was wildly fortuitous.

Doubtless these errors were mere slips; but as such they speak volumes against the way our younger generations are *not* taught to know anything about the story of their own country or of any other. A century more or less makes little difference to them. Were you to print in their text-book that Charles I. was killed at Waterloo, they might

doubt the statement, but they would reproduce it, with merely verbal alterations—especially if the writer who deceived them had put in a "purple patch" of description that would catch the eye.

I remember once reading a paper by a gentleman who complained—and with justice—how English schoolboys were taught little about the story of their own country, and nothing about any other—except when that other State had fought England and been beaten. Nay, even our allies were left out of sight. We ignored, or almost ignored, the Prussians who helped us at Waterloo, and the French and Sardinians at Inkermann, and the Russians and Greeks at Navarino. And the most pathetic part of it all was that the writer himself did not know that, as a matter of fact, no Sardinians fought at Inkermann, and no Greeks at Navarino. So that himself was an awful example of the inaccuracy he combated.

Speaking of centuries, it is curious how much the once familiar phrase *fin de siècle* has gone out. It was a meaningless term, at best. There is no reason why the end of a century should be a time of decadence. The end of last century was not, nor was the end of the century before it. It was a merely superficial analogy to infer that Society was declining because an arbitrary compartment of time was coming to an end. It may be that we are on a down grade of the switchback of time; but it does not follow that we shall be near the bottom when the "so-called twentieth century" begins.

We have our prophets, however, who practically maintain, in public disputations and in a certain column of the *Standard*, that we are coming to the end, not only of this, but of all centuries. In 1901—I think that is the latest forecast—comes the closing of the world's books, and the final stocktaking. Previously, of course, a Napoleon will smash up things in general, make a covenant with the Jews, and otherwise prove his claim to be called the Beast. The late Boulanger was to have filled this rôle, I think, but circumstances were too much for him and his backers.

I rather fear that circumstances will be too much for our prophets again. It is strange how every apocalyptic seer has always brought the end of the world quite near his own times—so near, in fact, that he is generally refuted by facts. I presume that if he announced the end of the world as still distant, no one would trouble much about him; and though his utterances might be more prophetic, they would be less profitable. And credulity is inexhaustible; no devout believer but will credit the prophet when he grubs up some totally irrelevant and mis-translated text, showing that a slight error has been made; and that, though the day of doom did not come off on last Thursday at 7 p.m., it is a dead certainty for next Friday at 5.20 a.m.

This is better than the once popular method of foretelling everything from the Great Pyramid. That was an entertaining exercise for calculating persons. Not only could all mathematical and physical truths be deduced from the measurements of the Pyramid, but the length of the present dispensation was to be foretold from the same versatile figures. Only, unfortunately, in the first place, the measurements were all wrong, and in the second place—which was more fatal—the dispensation showed an elasticity which the Pyramid did not possess. So I have not heard much of the Pyramidalists lately—nor of some other amusing persons—the Anglo-Israelites.

I had hoped that the latter, at any rate, would become a powerful body. A few hundred lost ten tribesmen—with votes—in each constituency would be quite enough to cause a great revolution. Most M.P.'s would pledge themselves readily to support the views of Anglo-Israel; and even as it has been with Local Option and Anti-Opium, and Anti-Vaccination, and other less mentionable movements, so would it be with the cause of the Lost Ten Tribes. In time a resolution might be passed, officially declaring ourselves to be lost tenners; and perhaps that belief might be incorporated into our text-books. Possibly the Premier would deliver a dissertation on The Lost Ten Tribes in Homer. Nay, we might even acquire dominion over Palestine, as being heirs of the "undoubted rights" of Israel; and after the Franco-Siamese model, we might take the rest of Turkey in Asia as compensation for our trouble in asserting our rights.

Now all this is impossible—or at least improbable; and all because Anglo-Israel would not organise, and vote straight. But perhaps the theory is hardly likely ever to be widely popular among democrats. It has the advantage of being founded on ignorance, but then it is also tainted with patriotism.

MARMITON.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

SYDNEY, JUNE 19, 1893.

MY DEAR JACK,—I have just had a chat with Lady Duff, the new Governor's wife. I first met her at the Tempe Ball, and she told me she had read with great interest some Sydney letters in *The Sketch*, which began to appear shortly before she left England. One of them had a picture of Government House, which particularly pleased her.

The popular excitement attendant on the arrival of a Governor has by now pretty well subsided. Almost everyone in Sydney has seen the Duffs, and everyone likes what he or she has seen of them. Sir Robert has prorogued Parliament, and opened a railway at Nowra (where, by-the-bye, he lost his star, and gave a printer's lad £50 for finding it in the mud), he has been to banquets, received addresses, and shaken innumerable welcoming hands—in short, he has plunged into his duties *con amore*, and, in justice to the hard-to-please Sydneyites, I must say they seem thoroughly to appreciate his *bonhomie*. Lady Duff's first reception was a colossal affair: over three thousand people. So great a crush was anticipated that a minority of retiring people decided to postpone the pleasure of doing honour to the new leader of society, but, on the whole, the assemblage was widely representative. Most of the fashionables were there, really the same thing might be said of the unfashionables, which was quite as it should be, and made the welcome peculiarly hearty.

One lady, who has a quaint turn of speech, said, laughingly, that every individual woman in Sydney who possessed a bonnet and a dolman had rolled up. It was a great day, and I needn't tell you that the prevailing tartan was the right one. Lady Duff has a gracious and sincere manner, which in itself was a welcome. She wore a becoming gown of vieux-rose satin with black lace, and I heard several people say that she was a larger likeness of Lady Carrington, who, by-the-bye, I find was very much beloved here. Everyone admired the *savoir faire* with which the four Misses Duff moved among the guests, helping their mother to entertain. A few days later, when I sent up my name to Lady Duff, she received me in a bright little morning room looking out over the harbour. I enclose a view from there. As I told you before, Government House is a picturesque edifice and charmingly situated, but it is rather small, and pretty as the room was, I wondered whether Lady Duff did not feel it was a little cramped after the palatial apartments of the old English houses. Her ladyship began at once to tell me some of her impressions of Sydney, and how she found herself in such an atmosphere of kindness that she already felt quite at home. "Above all," she continued, her pleasant face lighting up with a bright smile, "we are delighted to meet so many Scotch people. Old friends, too, we have already met here," and she went on to tell me how one morning she had been rather astonished to hear that the carpenter wished to see her. She was very busy, and couldn't imagine what the man wanted, but went down to the hall to see him, and, to her surprise, found, instead of a stranger, the son of one of her mother's old servants, a man who had had charge of the shrubbery at the old home. "Isn't the world round?" was her comment to me, and after this we talked of all sorts of things, both here and at home, and she asked me so many questions about what I had seen of the country, and what I was now doing at Sydney, that I found Lady Duff was interviewing me instead of I her. She told me of her daughters' studies, what good walkers they are, and how they mean to take advantage of the cool winter climate to explore on foot some of the beautiful places which cluster round Sydney. I suggested that one of them, who has talent as an artist, should send a picture to *The Sketch* (which was lying on a table near Lady Duff), and she was so pleased with the idea that she promised one should be sent. Altogether, I came away with the impression that Lady Duff was pleased with her new surroundings, and happy in the prospect of making a home in Sydney for the Governor's term of office.

To-night we are going again to hear Madame Antoinette Sterling. Wonderful woman! It is not so much her voice, grand as that still is, but the magnetic influence of her personality, and her marvellous power of dramatising the simplest ballad, that holds her huge Australian audiences spellbound. She receives daily at the Australia Hotel, visits indefatigably, and has inspected all kinds of institutions, more especially hospitals, schools, and jails. But, as usual, I go on in a seemingly endless chatter, so adieu.—Yours ever,

LINDA.

FROM HOMBURG.

I have purposely let the last ten days go by without sending the promised budget of bagatelles, writes a correspondent, for one has to get the proper flavour of the place on one's palate, and the various, very various, sensations are apt to give one a sort of moral indigestion at the first go off. I have pretty well settled into the swing now, though, and feel almost capable of condensing my impressions. Two accounts were given me of the place before we came. One set of friends said, "You'll be bored to extinction with dullness," and the others assured me that life here would be endurable but for its gaieties; so my mind was an absolute blank, prepared to receive impressions with avidity. Well, to sum up, we have found it most entertaining, run across heaps of acquaintances, and been nearly killed with kindness. We get up at 7 a.m., and trundle off to the springs. A horribly realistic beginning, you will think, to the Book of Things; but it is not so really. One has the certain knowledge of seeing fresh frocks every morning, and a sure hope, if I may so express it, of being "bunched" by our best men, so that, apart from the knowledge that one's complexion is being touched up by the chalybeate, there are other compensations for deserting the morning pillow. The Duke of Cambridge is here, and was up for his "drink" this morning with the rest of us.



Photo by Kerry, Sydney.

SYDNEY HARBOUR:—VIEW FROM LADY DUFF'S MORNING ROOM.

Countess Münster affects heliotrope more or less, and the Italian greyhound is always to heel in the Countess's walks abroad. She and the Duke had a long chat last night on the Kurhaus promenade. The officers here are very good-looking, very hospitable, but they cannot flirt in English. We were asked with about thirty others to a big tea at the barracks yesterday, and it was the merriest function; but, as I have indicated, one loses half the pretty things when their ardour finds vent in idioms. The Yarde-Bullers are here. The "Hon. Helen," Mr. and Mrs. Pocklington supporting the smart reputation of the K.D.G.'s, and endless others. The reunions on Monday and Thursday evenings in the Golden Room of the Kursaal are very amusing. There are plenty of private dances going on. Six bachelors gave the last, and did the thing in excellent style, as bachelors always do. Count Münster's son waltzes to admiration, and drives a very smart team.

We went over the Schloss yesterday. It is redolent of beeswax and scrubbing brushes, and there is quite an outbreak of drapery and window curtains in preparation for the Empress Frederick, who arrives next week. The rooms would set your artistic teeth on edge. One is delivered over to bright green—walls, curtains, carpet—another to brilliant blue, a third staring magenta, and so on. Those the Empress uses are filled with art treasures, and show evidences of her refined taste everywhere, but the rest are appallingly ugly. Frankfort is next door, so we are going in a party of twelve to see "Pagliacci" at the Opera House to-morrow, and will sup afterwards at the Casino. Molly will wear a new frock which she bought in Paris on her way out. It is black accordion lisse over a pink-and-white shot glacé silk, with belt, collar, and half-sleeves of cut steel sequins—the loveliest demi-toilette I have seen this year. Have I told you that the correct thing is to take rooms, and lunch and dine at different hotels every day? By this means you run across all your friends, and have twice the fun of those who "live where they sleep."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The publication of the Mermaid Series of the best old English plays, which fell through for a time, and before some of the most important volumes were issued, has been taken up again by Fisher Unwin. For the editing of the new volume, "Ben Jonson," there can be nothing but praise. And it is a very good and comfortable thing to be able to get one of these volumes for half-a-crown. But most of us, with a little grumbling, would have gone the length of an extra sixpence in its purchase to be rid of the discomfort of reading type from paper which, good or bad, is so ugly.

Dr. Brinsly Nicholson is a careful editor from the scholar's point of view, and it is a pleasure to call attention to the admirable, vigorous, and human study of "rare Ben," which Professor Herford has appended to the edition. Introductions are mostly dry-as-dust or finicking. This is neither.

The notes on literary subjects compiled by that eminent teacher, Professor J. W. Hales, "Folia Litteraria" (Seeley) are hardly suitable food for the Lounger. They deal—at least, the valuable ones do—with five points of fact and scholarship pertaining to the older English literature. The only part of the book that may be idled over is the essay on Victorian literature, which is of that vague, general character that exactly suits the Lounger when he is in no critical mood. It should be read for its cheerfulness, its optimism about literature, and politics, and art, and everything else. A tone so common yesterday, so very rare to-day.

Mr. George Meredith's new story, "Lord Ormond and his Aminta," is to appear in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and not in the *Pall Mall Budget* as announced in the *Athenæum*. By the way, I understand that this magazine has just purchased three new "Barrack Room Ballads" by Rudyard Kipling at £100 apiece.

According to the *Athenæum* a new story by Mrs. Clifford will be published in the *Illustrated London News*. The story will, I understand, run from July to September of next year.

According to the *Westminster Gazette* the *English Illustrated Magazine* has been purchased by Sir William Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*. The *English Illustrated* was founded by Messrs. Macmillan, and its first editor was Mr. Comyns Carr, who "discovered" Mr. Hugh Thomson, and more than one other artist of genius.

Mr. Vizetelly's translation of "Le Docteur Pascal" is only a less good piece of work than his version of "La Débâcle." His introduction to the English edition is written in a strain calculated to tempt the most timid readers to read on. But he does say some astonishing things in it. "Le Docteur Pascal" is from its position as the last and the summary of the Rougon-Macquart series of great interest. Unquestionably, it shows Zola at his highest point of earnestness. Unfortunately, it shows him also at his worst. And Zola at his worst is sentimental.

Mr. Vizetelly describes the tender emotion that nearly overmastered him while engaged in putting into English the loves of the Doctor and Clotilde. I fear his readers' emotions will be different in character, for it is possible, without any prudery, to be considerably disgusted at the very absurd modern parody of a Biblical love-story. The pity is that the episode upsets some of Zola's own conclusions, and that, in any case, it engrosses so much of the book as to put the real, wholesome, scientific interest of "Doctor Pascal" in the shade.

In the new edition of the Ruskin selections, in two volumes, (George Allen) there are considerable revisions and additions. The volumes are well worth getting by those who cannot afford a big Ruskin library. If anybody had best be taken in selections it is Ruskin, for his weaknesses are so apparent and so easy of ridicule. The first series, ranging from 1843 to 1860, are mostly from "Modern Painters," "The Stones of Venice," and "The Seven Lamps," and contain the finest gems so far as beauty and literature are concerned. The selections in the second, from "Unto this Last," "Ethics of the Dust," "Fors Clavigera," "Sesame and Lilies," "Præterita," and some others, are, perhaps, the more interesting to those to whom Mr. Ruskin is prophet rather than artist.

If there were but heartier co-operation in those who do honour to great men! The early essay and the three early letters of Mr. Ruskin found in his tutor's desk, and now published by Mr. George Allen, have a distinct interest, of course. They would, or portions of them would, have found a fitting place in Mr. Collingwood's "Life." They are clearly the kind of material over which a biographer should have control. But to send the youthful essay out into the world in the company of letters only slightly more mature was a little injudicious, even though it was done "by permission" and "for the benefit of Mallory Abbey and the preservation of its ancient buildings."

A clever boy, without any genius at all, might have more cleverly disguised his immaturity than young Ruskin did in his "Essay on Literature." The letters are, however, from a biographical point of

view, very interesting, and his first impressions of glorious scenery and masterpieces are set down now and again in language in which there is a foretaste of his later style.

He is very Protestant in these letters and very moral. He congratulates a city on the industry of its inhabitants, even when he does not admire its architecture—Florence, for instance. The young man of 1841 is as deadly in earnest as the social prophet of twenty years later. The last letter is a pathetic one. Young Ruskin poured out in it a troubled soul.

The sum of his heart-searching was this: Is not our first duty to save souls? And "are not the lives of men employed in the arts and sciences, as regards their chief duty, wasted?" Galileo and Raphael, he thinks, may by their great achievements save souls, but how about the smaller fry? This letter is, indeed, an interesting chapter in his biography.

Another volume of M. Jusserand's series, "Les Anglais au Moyen Age," has appeared. The title of the new one is "L'Épopée Mystique de William Langland" (Hachette). The author of "English Wayfaring Life in the Thirteenth Century" and of "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare" has a quite special faculty of serving up real learning and research in a way palatable to the cultivated general reader with no pretensions to learning at all. The "Wayfaring Life" is a mass of facts, gathered with labour and difficulty, yet it is as charming as a novel.

The new book, dealing with a subject about which there has been a great deal of controversy, will, doubtless, be received by students more critically; but ordinary readers will be inclined to rely on so painstaking a searcher as M. Jusserand, and he certainly has given a living interest to the vision of him who lay and dreamt on Malvern Hills.

M. Jusserand has written in French this time. Those who know his "Ambassador at the Court of Charles II." will be aware he can write in excellent English when he chooses; but, doubtless, we may expect an English version soon—let us hope from the hand of the competent translator of the "Wayfaring Life," Miss Toulmin Smith.

The somewhat clumsy title—there was nothing clumsy about it save the title—of one of the London Irish Literary Society's publications was "On the Need and Use of Getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue." It was addressed, of course, to Anglo-Saxons. The need and use have long been recognised by industrious Celtic scholars and fervid patriots; but they are only beginning to have an audience outside a scholarly circle. Among the most zealous has been Dr. Douglas Hyde, and story-lovers who don't know his "Beside the Fire" have yet something good in store for them.

Dr. Hyde has been collecting and editing the genuine folk-songs of Connacht, and, recently, the Love Songs (Gill, Dublin). Both the songs and his editorial comments are given in Irish, but for the enlightenment of the Saxon he has added translations. It is genuine peasant poetry he gives us; but its beauty, its imagery, the ready, the subtle, and the varied emotion it expresses will mingle no little surprise with the admiration of those who had not before recognised the "need of getting Irish literature into the English tongue." There is nothing like it in England.

Some of the songs Dr. Hyde has put into literal prose, others move freely into lyrical metre. Here is a sample of the latter. It is one of many songs written by women altogether unknown, but poets in all conscience—

Ringleted youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me:
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me?
Your kiss is a waking dew,
Were I ever so ill or so dreary.

Where could the "ringleted youth" have found greater attractions than in her who sang—

I thought, O my love! you were so
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of the mountain;
And I thought after that, you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before
And the star of knowledge behind me.

But, alas! he did, and the singer was left "like a bush in a gap of the wall."

The metre of the songs is as varied as their emotions and their moods. It is lyric poetry at no rudimentary stage, though it has kept all the freshness of sincerity and tenderness. "The Coolen" is one of the most charming of the more cheerful ones.

A hoary mist on a day of frost, in a dark oak wood,
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright, white and good;
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief in my heart.

This same metre has been used with much effect, if I mistake not, by an Irish poet of to-day.

O. O.



PREPARING FOR CONTINGENCIES.

Mr. Sloeum Pogis, M.P., who is of a particularly nervous disposition, was so impressed with certain recent events in the House of Commons, that he determined to revive his slight recollection of boxing at the Royal Aquarium. The Kangaroo was quite ready to oblige the hon. gentleman—far readier than was anticipated by Mr. Pogis. The Chairman of Committees, who happened to be among the audience, was heard several times to call "Order, order," but his vocal interposition had no effect whatever upon the contest, which was under "Queensberry rules." In accordance with the Speaker's advice, we understand Mr. Sloeum Pogis, M.P., has gone to Leamington to recover his shattered health. It is rumoured that the hon. member will shortly apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, owing to his insufficient knowledge of the noble art of self-defence. In future, all members must "satisfy the examiners" in boxing, prior to taking the oath.

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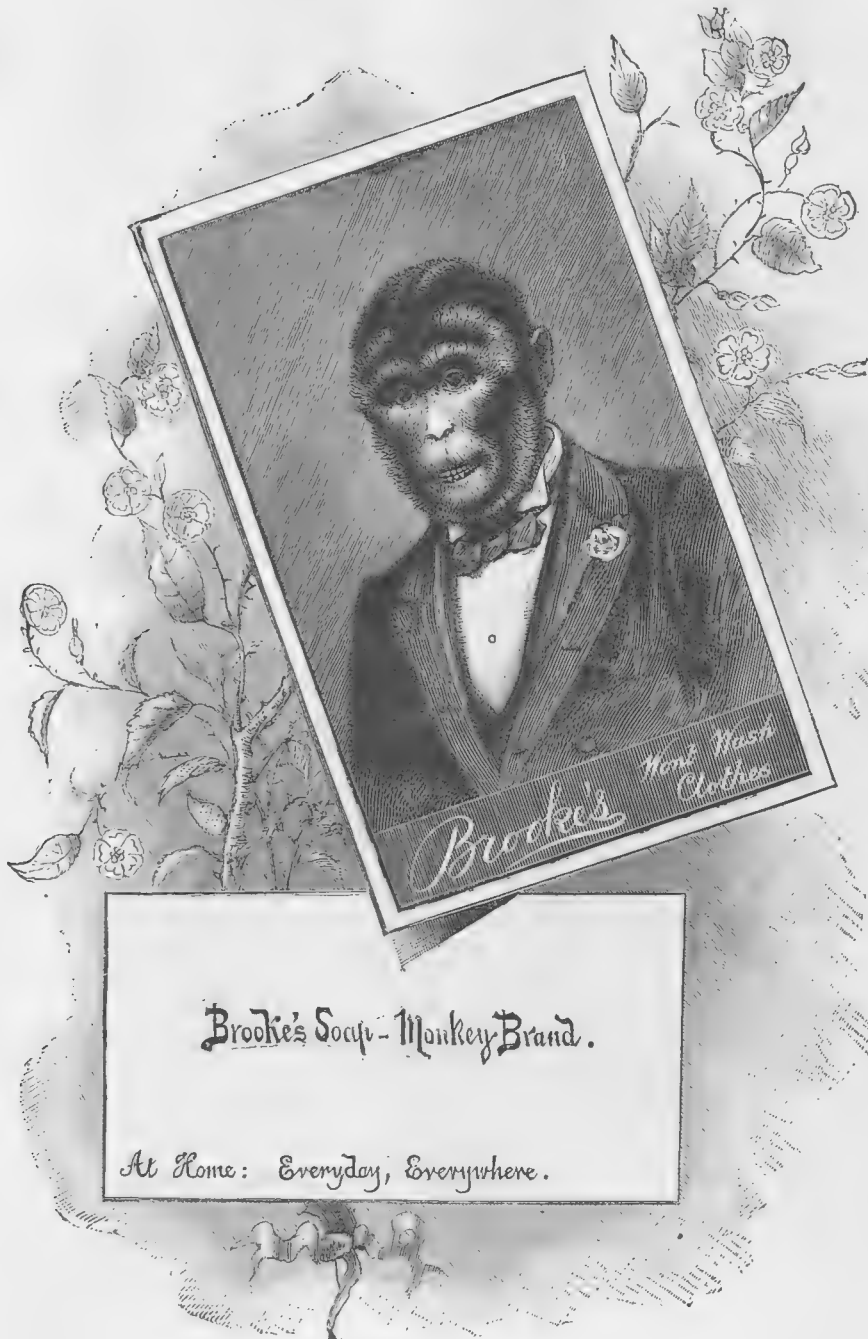
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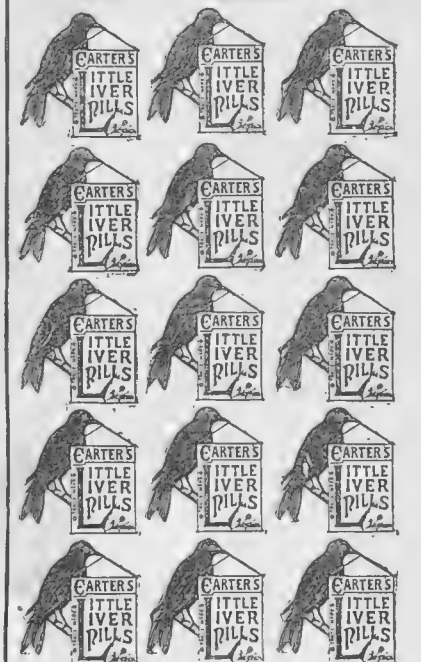
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# THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CYCLISTS' CAMP.

The above camp, founded by the energetic A. Scarlett Thomson in 1884, is now holding its tenth annual holiday on the Poultry Farm, Dorking. This year's president of the camp is Mr. C. O. Burgess, of the Holborn C. C., a gentleman who takes the keenest interest in his club and all wheeleries, and arouses enthusiasm wherever he goes. He at the present time receives valuable aid from the past presidents, whose tent we illustrate, occupied by Messrs. E. Lane Campbell and W. J. Harvey.

Cyclists are given to humour in their holiday moments. When an interviewer asked an African prince what first struck him on landing in England, he replied, "Tipeats." If you asked a cyclist to mention the most impressive feature of the Dorking camp he would at once reply, "Wasps." It has been a wasp camp. Formerly there have been earwig camps and ant camps. But the wasps have the faculty of creating more sensation than any other insect in the south of England, and this year the south has had a plague of wasps. The Dorking camp has, nevertheless, been one of the most successful that has ever been held.

are this year. The ladies who meant to see all the fun stayed at Dorking and visited the camp during the day, and the ten clubs who foregathered there with their forty-five canvas houses vied with each other in the luxury and variety of the entertainment they could afford their fair guests. There were breakfast parties, the cyclists brave in their uniforms, the ladies daintily robed in the trimmest of morning costumes; there were luncheon parties in the coolest of marquees, where salad and salmon alternated with flirtation; there were picnics, in which sisters, with the most charming innocence, escaped all the afternoon the stern gaze of their brothers. But the dances in the evening were the feature of the camp. Breakfasts, luncheons, picnics, they are all right in their way. Girls who look with a favourable eye upon cyclists are generally of that healthy robust species of English girl which is not above a good meal. But we doubt whether there was a girl in camp who would not have foregone everything for the luxury of the evening dance. The reception tent, made into fairyland with flowers and other decorations, presented a scene that made each cyclist—male or female—dance with joy. They had good music too. Our cyclists do not do things by halves.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE PAST PRESIDENTS' TENT AT THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CYCLISTS' CAMP.

If an enthusiastic cyclist stopped suddenly in the midst of a graceful speech to a lady friend, gave a wild bound into the air, knocked off his hat, thumped himself in a dozen different parts of the body, hit out vigorously at nothing in particular, and, finally, collapsed with the perspiration streaming down his face—if he did all this it would be no proof that Dorking is not the pleasantest cycling resort on earth; in all probability there was a wasp about. But Dorking was pleasant this year. There were several more encampments than ever there were before, and they were in better taste. Londoners habitually complain that you cannot get flowers in the country. But the Dorking encampment was ablaze with flowers. The tents, reception-marquees, &c., literally represented one grand tribute to the flora of the country, and the lady visitors appreciated the taste of the cyclists, an appreciation which was exemplified in the fact that they generally carried away with them sufficient roses to last the remainder of the summer. Life in camp is not a great fatigue to our energetic cyclists. There is an excellent *cuisine*. They dine well, and just take what amount of exercise they please. Some violent fellows eat a hurried breakfast, mount their iron horses, and speed away on excursion bent. Brighton is a favourite resort. These hardy wheelmen received a sufficient amount of satisfaction in the pleasure of returning to camp at night, and bragging of what they have done through the day. But others stayed at home. There have never been so many lady visitors as there

When they set out for a holiday they mean to have one, and the entertainments at Dorking are more like a leaf torn out of the London season than a hurried Bank Holiday dash into the country, although this particular Bank Holiday is to extend to Aug. 14. At the mess tent there was an entertainment which everyone enjoyed; the more so, perhaps, because life in the open-air appears to increase the capacity for this. Miss Amy Elliott and Miss E. Harbert contributed in no small degree, with their delightful ballad singing, to the successful result. The Stanley Club held a musical reception, at which Colonel Savil presided, and the flow of soul and melody was not the only characteristic of it. On Sunday the ways of the campers were various. Some wended their way to church, others adopted other forms of service, and in the evening lessons were drawn from other camping days by the Rev. E. L. Campbell. Monday was a day when the world outside flowed into the camp. The sports were decidedly sportive, and quite serious enough for a holiday. Perhaps nothing was more thoroughly relished than the cricket match. Lady Lawrence distributed the prizes, and all the toil of securing one was repaid by being able to participate in the pleasure of a smile and a few cheering words from her ladyship. After Monday the proceedings were of a general and varied character, and of the order of enjoyment to the full. The festivities are still going on, and when they are over we are sure the general opinion will be that Southern cyclists have never had a better or more successful carnival.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Back again in London, holidays a thing of the past, and recollections of delightfully lazy days by the sea growing more and more indistinct and unreal in view of the stern reality and the burning dustiness of London pavements. Well, there comes an end to everything, so one should not



THE "MIGNONETTE" GOWN.

complain; but I must admit that I find London extremely depressing just at present, for Dame Fashion is taking a nap before she plunges into the weighty task of parading before us in all the fascinating, and, as yet, mysterious, fabrications with which the early autumn season is to be inaugurated. Consequently there is nothing new to be found anywhere, so I have been driven to the length of designing a dress for you myself, choosing appropriately—in view of the depressed state of my feelings—a gown suitable for slight mourning, though I expect that most of you, like myself, make a point of always having a black dress in your wardrobe, being well aware of the fact that nothing is more universally becoming and useful.

The stuff I have chosen is the "Mignonette" cloth, a lovely all-wool material, which is included among those which are so well known under the title of "Priestley's Dress Fabrics for Gentlewomen." I should always recommend you to get one or other of these materials when you are choosing a black dress length, for then you may be sure that it will wear well and look well, and never by any chance or after any length of time get that rusty appearance which is so painfully suggestive of shabby genteel out-at-elbows poverty. But to return to my "Mignonette" dress—the bodice has a yoke formed of three puffings of chiffon divided by narrow bands of jet insertion, from which falls a graduated fringe of jet beads and sequins, while the basque is outlined with a similar puffing of chiffon

and jet, which gives a becoming fulness to the hips and accentuates the slimness of the waist. The sleeves have two large puffs, the top one being of the material and the second one of chiffon, divided by bands of jet insertion. A frill of chiffon falls from the elbow, and the tight-fitting cuffs are edged with a puffing of chiffon and a band of jet. The full skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a band of jet insertion and festoons of chiffon, caught up by jetted ornaments, a line of jet outlining the seams. I think you would find that this dress would look very well when made up, and I only hope that some of you may go so far as to try it for yourselves. I must not forget to tell you that you can always get the "Mignonette" cloth at Jay's, in Regent Street, and you will find that all the first-class drapers keep the other Priestley fabrics.

Speaking of Jay's reminded me that I was almost sure to find something smart there in the way of millinery, even though it is the "off" season. So I drifted in there hopefully, with the result that I had three hats sketched for you, two of which prove what an effective, and, in fact, inimitable trimming can be formed of feathers when they are artistically arranged. One hat is of black velvet, with a twist of satin round the crown, and rosettes of the same material at the left side. Two lovely black ostrich feathers adorn the front, and are caught at the side by a steel buckle, while another long plume droops gracefully over the back of the hat on to the hair. The other hat is of dark green felt, trimmed in the front with three black ostrich plumes, fastened with a black rosette, and at the back with two more feathers, which are run through with a jet dagger. The shape of both these hats is very becoming, but the arrangement of the feathers is what renders them so distinctive. The little travelling hat, which is very smart and comfortable, is of black felt, the turned up brim lined with Russia leather, a band of the same encircling the crown.

I also noticed some very pretty little toques and modified Tam-o'-shanters, one of which was of black terry, trimmed with satin and plumes, while another was of moss-green velvet, edged with a feather ruche, and trimmed in front with a black bird and a jet comb. These shapes promise to be very fashionable this season, probably on account of the fact that the Duchess of York included so many in her trousseau. A sailor hat which was particularly *chic* was of black felt with a band of corded ribbon round the crown, and at the left side a very skilfully



arranged flight of black swallows, but, even prettier, was a lovely little bonnet of white felt, twisted up most cunningly from a simple plateau shape, and trimmed with a bow of black velvet, jet, and black wings. Black and white is always a very smart combination, but in this instance it was particularly effective.

As I was on my way out I was stopped by the sight of a most delightful tea gown of pale blue accordion-pleated chiffon, falling loosely from a yoke of satin, covered with beautiful creamy old lace, and edged with a double frill of chiffon. The empire band of pale blue satin was tied in a bow at the left side, the ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt, and round the neck fell three soft frills of chiffon. The full sleeves to the elbow were of chiffon, and the deep cuffs were of satin covered with lace—altogether a most fascinatingly dainty and lovely garment,

[Continued on page 165.]

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and, womanlike, I took an additional interest in it when I learned that it had just been made for the trousseau of a lovely girl of sixteen. Her wedding-dress, by the way, was very simple, and would suit her girlish beauty to perfection, the trained skirt being perfectly plain, and the bodice trimmed with a fichu of lovely lace, caught with a cluster of orange-blossoms. I also caught a glimpse of a very rich and beautiful



tea-gown, which had been made for a well-known society beauty. It was of pale heliotrope satin, with pin-spots and diagonal stripes of white satin. The immensely full trained back was bordered at each side with a band of velvet in a darker shade, ornamented with a lovely embroidered appliqué in pale heliotrope silk. The zouave bodice was edged with a pearl and crystal fringe, and—as were also the revers and collar—was of velvet, while bands of embroidered velvet passed down the front, as at the back. The puffed sleeves were caught in at the elbow with a band of velvet, and finished off with a frill of white accordion-pleated chiffon. Quite different in character, but equally lovely, was another tea gown of white crêpe de chine embroidered with jet, the lining of shot heliotrope glacé showing through with the prettiest possible effect. The sleeves were arranged in two puffs, finished off with a frill, the edge of which was thickly sewn with jet sequins, and the zouave (composed of exquisite embroidery in gold, jet and silk, on a heliotrope ground) was bordered with a fringe of jet sequins. This gown was so lovely that it really did



me good, for it proved that there was still something left worth chronicling, and I went out into Regent Street prepared to look at everything through—well, let us say pale pink spectacles, as I have not yet arrived at rose-coloured ones.

I caught sight of one particularly pretty hat of sunburnt straw with insertion bands of white guipure. It was trimmed with black ostrich tips and rosettes of green chiffon with an edging of black, the whole effect being exceedingly good. Another hat, also of sunburnt straw, was trimmed with black satin antique rosettes and clusters of roses, red and black. In my opinion black roses, though of course very suitable for mourning, are quite out of place on coloured hats, especially when mixed with others which copy nature faithfully in colour as well as in form.

One rather novel sailor hat was of dark blue velvet, the brim bound with tan-coloured leather, a deep band of the same encircling the crown and fastening at the left side with a steel buckle. Little leather bows and a dark blue agraffe completed the trimming, and though personally I do not care for leather introduced into millinery, I daresay some people would like to wear this hat with the leather-bound dresses, which are so sensible and serviceable.

I should like to bind the hem of every one of my gowns with leather, for nothing looks so bad as a frayed out binding, and yet, try as you may, the most carefully kept dress shows signs of dilapidation round the hem in a woefully short time. As leather is not always practicable, however, I should advise you to follow my example, and go in for "Bias Valutina." I always have the bottom of my dresses bound with it instead of with braid, and I find that it wears three times as long, and does not rub the boots or shoes so much. You can get it (cut on the cross) in every imaginable colour and in various widths and lengths from all drapers, and I am sure that you will find it economical and durable, and you will then have the satisfaction of knowing that your appearance is not spoiled by frayed skirt edges, adorned with occasional wisps and straggling ends.

By next week I shall hope to have wakened up Dame Fashion and discovered some of her secrets—at any rate, I will do my best.—FLORENCE

Canon Nugent Wade, who has just died at the patriarchal age of eighty-five, had been residentiary Canon of Bristol for one and twenty years, and for more than half a century was a hard-working clergyman in the Metropolis. He will be best remembered by Londoners for the beautiful musical services which, under his auspices, were introduced at St. Anne's, Soho. I remember about twenty years ago, in the early seventies, I first heard Bach's Passion Music at this church, where the highly-trained choir and full orchestra drew all London to services that were then a novelty. Much of the success of those services was due to Canon Wade's three musical sons, two of whom had voices of remarkable quality excellently trained. If I recollect rightly, it was Canon Wade's example at St. Anne's that induced the authorities at the Abbey and St. Paul's to give the Passion music, which has always been so effective when rendered in our two great metropolitan churches. The late Canon, by-the-way, was one of Mr. Gladstone's oldest friends.

Wynyard Park, where the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry have been entertaining a large party for the Redcar and Stockton races, though by no means an ancient building—it is barely fifty years old—is a remarkably fine one, and occupies the site of two former houses, the first an old-world manor house, pulled down by the grandfather of the present peer to make way for the second, a huge classical building, destroyed by fire in 1841. The present mansion has not escaped entirely from the element that has devoured so many of our country seats, and in 1861 the west wing and the chapel were burnt down. The house is now one of the most luxuriously furnished in the country, fitted with the electric light, and with every modern convenience. The great sculpture gallery is, architecturally, perhaps its most striking feature, and it also contains a suite of rooms, looking on the lovely private gardens, most magnificently furnished, and which have more than once been placed at the disposal of Royalty. The house, which is distinguished by a great Corinthian portico, is surrounded by a most beautifully wooded park.

The Race week, with its *fin de siècle* developments of smart women, racy men, niggers, wheezy singers, and mysterious musicians, has done much to fill the pockets of the Brighton townfolk. Cup Day was all that could be desired, the weather was splendid and so were the ladies' toilettes. Despite the long drought, the turf was in excellent condition, and the cheering extremely enthusiastic. The topic of interest after the race was the charming lady bookmaker who did such a roaring business in the ring.

At Lewes the weather was peculiarly breezy, not to say stormy. However, here an unusually brilliant company assembled. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis of Abergavenny, and the Marquis Camden each contributed a large contingent of friends to the Lord Lieutenant's grand stand. I saw Lord and Lady Curzon, Lord Charles Montagu, and a host of well-known faces. One lovely dress which attracted much attention was of cream silk, veiled with the palest of blue silk grenadine, with which was worn a little bonnet of blue-shaded cornflowers with pale-blue velvet strings. The dress was striking, and so was the beauty of the wearer, a well-known marchioness.

Sir Augustus Harris and his faithful lieutenant, Mr. Latham, have been very much *en evidence* at The Métropole, often in the company of Mr. Henry Pettitt. Was it the races, or the coming drama at Old Drury that so engrossed their attention?

Brighton has bestowed a hearty welcome on the Middlesex Yeomanry, who are quartered here for their annual training, and Preston Park has been put at the disposal of the corps for their drills, and every effort has been made by the Brightonians to render their visit as pleasant as possible. A large crowd attended the parish church, where a special service was held for the smart corps, who, despite the serious work of annual training, are apparently enjoying the hospitality of the town.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

## ALL ABROAD.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 12, 1893.

All eyes have this week been turned on President Cleveland and his message to the Congress of the United States of America, specially summoned to deal with the silver question. From the "Gold Bags" point of view, there is no doubt that the position which Mr. Cleveland has taken up is satisfactory. Whether or not the legislation which Congress will adopt is calculated to equally please the sound money men remains to be seen; but from the news so far to hand an unconditional repeal of the Sherman law seems doubtful. As to what will happen in the States, a very experienced and shrewd commercial man connected with the American trade remarked to us on Thursday last that, if the Sherman law was repealed, there would be a sharp crisis, in which, perhaps, half the banks would suspend payment; but if the silver men were victorious, we should see such a panic as had never yet been known in America, in which, probably, every bank and the national credit would be overwhelmed. Not a pleasing outlook, dear Sir, in either event.

As we anticipated, the large orders for gold which have poured in from the other side of the Atlantic have caused a rise in the Bank rate to 4 per cent., and there seems every probability of a further upward movement during the autumn. Discounts have followed the Bank rate, and money in the shape of day to day loans is sure to harden in value. The battle between the Secretary of State for India and the Exchange banks still goes on, with the result that again no tenders were received for Government bills and telegraphic transfers. So far, since the late legislation on only one occasion have bills been sold, and the matter has resolved itself into a trial of endurance between the banks who want to remit and the Government, whose sterling obligations must be met at maturity.

The highest class of securities, like Consols and Metropolitan Stock, have relapsed a little on the impending dearness of money, and Home Rails have, in addition to this, suffered from the fact that the traffics, which include the Saturday before Bank Holiday, have not proved as large as buyers hoped for. It may be that the general depression has begun to make itself felt upon the travelling public, and that we may expect serious falling off in the future, but we do not anticipate anything of the kind.

The course of the American market has been very unsettled, and every day people are beginning more and more to realise that the repeal of the silver legislation is not such a simple matter as was at one time thought. To buy or sell at the moment is to back your opinion as to the course of events in Congress. If you agree in the view we hold that the commonsense of the American people is sure to sweep away so pestilential a faction as the silver men, you would be inclined to lay in sound stocks like Lake Shores, Illinois Centrals, Baltimore and Ohios and the like, but you would do this with the full knowledge and assurance that if you had made a mistake in your original assumption, you might have to sit upon your stock for a long time before you could sell at the price it cost.

In the international market, the position of Mexico and the probability of the Government having to reduce its interest in view of the awful depreciation of silver has been the chief topic of many-tongued rumour. Our own belief is that there may come a time in the future when a still greater depreciation of silver will cause not only Mexico but every other silver State to make arrangements with creditors; but at the moment it is the utter rottenness of the German market, far more than the unsatisfactory financial situation of Mexico, which is causing the fall. Except Chili, the credit of Mexico deserves to stand better than that of any other of the Spanish-American republics, but it is impossible to conceal from oneself the critical condition in which the silver crisis has plunged the most honest States, the basis of whose value standard is the white metal.

The meeting of Samuel Allsopp and Company, Limited, was not as encouraging as the figures would have led the uninitiated to suppose. The increased profit of about £41,000 has been principally derived from the reduced cost of materials and various economies which have been introduced; indeed no part of it is due to increased trade, and unless we are greatly misinformed the actual number of barrels sold shows a decline. The ordinary shares are certainly at an absurdly high price even now.

Slowly the public is beginning to find out that the rise in the price of fodder must seriously prejudice the omnibus and tramway companies. It is true that many contracts are running, and the full effect of the rise has not yet made itself felt; but this only puts the evil day off, and does not alter the actual facts. If, under the pressure of dear feeding stuff, an arrangement is come to between the Road Car and the General Omnibus Companies, as seems not improbable, it will be a curious instance of causes working in one direction producing exactly opposite results to what might have been anticipated.

The Salt Union passing its dividend is a great blow to many small investors in industrial concerns; but the Corporation started upon the most inflated capital, and the lack of dividend this time is not so surprising to those who are behind the scenes as that they have been maintained for so long.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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The Parisian relish of political personal scandals has been freshly gratified. The trial of M. Ducret, editor of the *Cocarde*, and of his contributor, Véron, alias Norton, the Mulatto adventurer from the Mauritius, for publishing forged letters to prove that the British Embassy had bribed M. Clémenceau, M. Rochefort, and several French journals, resulted in sentences of three years' imprisonment for Norton, and one year for Ducret. It was attended with a scene effectively dramatic, in which M. Clémenceau defied his opponents, Messrs. Millevoye, Déroulède, and the Marquis de Morés to justify their use against him of documents which they should have known to be false.

What remains still unsatisfactory is that two Ministers, M. Dupuy and M. Develle, should, even for a day, have allowed those papers to be regarded as possibly authentic, to the prejudice of the British Embassy. Lord Dufferin and Lord Rosebery did not like it. A nation should wash its *linge sale* at home, without bespattering its neighbours.

The next incident was the publication of a long story told by M. Dupas, formerly secretary to the director of the Paris detective police, relating to his mission under the Government headed by M. Loubet, last year, and subsequently by M. Ribot, in pursuit of Arton, the absconding agent of the Panama bribery transactions. He declares that the Government instructions to him were not to arrest Arton, whom he actually met at Venice, at the end of December, but to get from him secret information which Ministers could use against their political opponents. The ex-Ministers deny these statements, while M. Dupuy, the present head of the Government, was then only Minister of Public Instruction, and could not be supposed to have anything to do with such matters.

This may be an unchivalrous age; but one must prefer, on sentimental as well as on practical considerations, to see the Great Powers of Europe engaging in a war of commercial tariffs against each other, rather than in military conflict. Russia continues to announce new fiscal measures of virtual trade prohibition on her German frontier and across the Baltic in Finland; while her demands in the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Austria-Hungary seem too exorbitant for a sincere purpose of mutual agreement. In the meantime, Russian agriculture is so much distressed by the closing of foreign markets for its corn as to need large advances of money from the Imperial State Bank. There is no famine this year. The harvest in Russia is only too abundant.

The German naval manœuvres, from Aug. 20 to Sept. 27, will be conducted in the Baltic Sea, along the entire line of coast from Memel to Kiel, terminating in a grand attack on the harbour of Kiel, which will be defended by its fortresses and by a special squadron.

The President of the United States, Mr. Grover Cleveland, in his special Message to Congress, reviews the distressed condition of American domestic trade and industry, with the recent numerous losses and failures in business, caused by the present currency or monetary system—"financial," he calls it, which in England has a different meaning. He earnestly recommends the prompt repeal of the legislation of July, 1890, which requires the Treasury monthly to purchase four and half million ounces of silver for coining, and which has aimed at fixing an artificial ratio of value, without the gold standard between the two precious metals.

The ship canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, a work begun in 1881 by a French company, which failed, has been completed by a Greek company, and has been opened by King George and his son, accompanied by a combined squadron of Greek and British war-ships. It shortens the voyage from Brindisi and Messina to Athens or to Constantinople by two days, and will accommodate the largest vessels. The Roman emperors, Nero, and afterwards Hadrian, took this work in hand, but did little towards it.

Commercial enterprise, which is just now not very noticeable on the Continent, has within the last few days been exemplified in Turkey. A new Ottoman General Insurance Company was inaugurated in Constantinople, under Sir Edgar Vincent's presidency. The chairman mentioned that 1500 miles of railway were being constructed in Turkey at the present time. This fact is of decided interest as showing the march of civilisation.

## NOTE.

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